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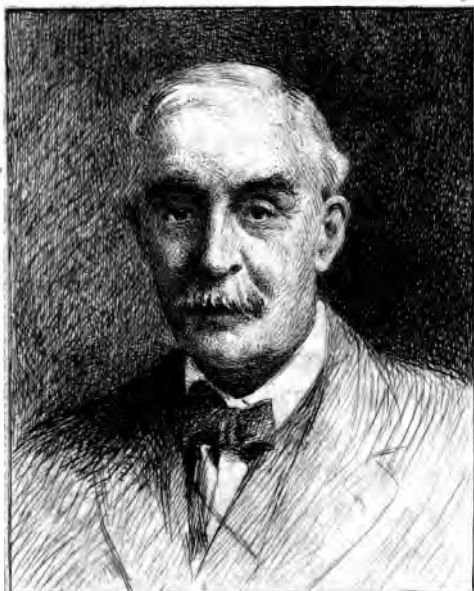
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HUMANITIES.

BY

THOMAS SINCLAIR, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF

"QUEST," "GODDESS FORTUNE," "THE MESSENGER," "LOVE'S TRILOGY,"
"THE MOUNT," ETC.



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TO * * *,

THE MOST INSPIRING OF CORRESPONDENTS.

[*See page 131.*]

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PREFACE.

CRITICISM of Roman subjects reaches by short path the pressing questions of the most advanced of present European nations. In politics, the contest of aristocracy and democracy for rule; in social science, the importance attached to sanitarian engineering for the public health; in religion, the problems of toleration and equality rather than of dogma and organisation; in philosophy, the discussion of pessimism or optimism as the diagnosis of human life, and stoicism or hedonism as its cure; in literature, research upon themes of origin, development, genealogy, ethnics; in poetry, distinct but unproductive faith in the value of myth; and in art, the dangerous encouragement and admiration of foreign in preference to native impulse—create a remarkable parallelism with Rome of the modern country whose hegemony for centuries cannot be questioned. It is those elated with the busy enthusiasm of the merely local knowledge which is nearly always the

chief cause of national vanity, who assume that the ancient masters of the world had nothing to teach us in practical affairs of town and country. Aqueducts and sewers, not to mention such leaden and other pipings as were used for public baths of the very largest proportions, were examples of an infinity of similar developments. But if there is rivalry between the Græco-Roman civilisation and that of our day in material things, even to perfection of feasting, in mental kingdoms there is still greater wealth by which to test respective advance. It is not by ages that progress ought to be reckoned, but by the heights of particular civilisations, in whatsoever place or period they may have occurred. The essential requirements of individual life could have been reached to as great an extent under Priam in his capital of Troy, by Pericles in the republic of Athens, or by Latin writers in the provincial town of Pompeii on the bay of Naples, as in the Paris or London of to-day. If such is the probability, nothing can be more mistaken than the charlatanic celebration of our own times for not much more certain reason than that the living dog is better than the dead lion. But misconception of causes and effects, and of the relative superiorities of civilisations, is nowhere so glaring as among those committed to the cruder dogmas of Pauline

Christianity. Their base treatment of what they call paganism and heathenism, as hardly worthy to be dark background for the Jews to figure on as lords and gods of light, is utterly unworthy of Europeans who have had the slightest introduction to what scholars call the humanities. To have read an ode of Horace ought to correct for ever the delusion that Hebrew sentiment could be essentially worthy of the most momentary superiority over Latin thought and refinement. It is only now that a few of the English people are getting dimly aware that they are arriving nearer to the breadth of the Augustan culture, and nothing can be more helpful for private ennoblement and everyday benefit than sympathy with that cardinal height of human activity. Many are beginning to see that the conquest of Europe by Hebraism was quite as great a calamity to civilisation as the supremacy of Moslemism would have been in the time of the Saracen attack upon Spain or of the Turkish advance on Austria. They were equally Semitic barbarisms, determined to override European sanity, with its accurate instinct for art in all departments, from architecture to music. There is no such thing in Europe as Christian or Hebraic art. All that has been done, even to the work of a Fra Angelico, was in bitter artistic antagonism to the Semitic

formula, born of the tent and the desert, that beautiful form is idolatrous evil. Nothing but pattern was admissible to either Hebrew or Arab, and the whole series of Madonnas and Holy Children, of St. Sebastians and St. Catherines, were obscured Venuses and Cupids, Mercuries and Dianas, from the intrinsic European mind, which had to become for so long the unhappy slave of eastern fanaticism in its moderated papal form. Because of their too excellent logical faculty, the Scottish people are the most Judaised section of Christendom, and to them at some periods music itself as art was an unclean thing. Of all the nationalities, England has kept her native ground best against the deluge of Hebraic barbarism which the Goths (to their own intense misery, till Luther gave them a fractional home freedom and spiritual life) were the chief means of spreading. The early Norman kings checked the arrogant assumptions of universal supremacy by papal Hebraism, and the Restoration saved us from Adamitic Puritanism, which was a still more inhuman, because less mixed, form of the Judaic spirit of exclusiveness, fanaticism, and intolerance of beauty.

To the peoples now (though comparisons with such pure European soul as that of Greece and Rome, embodied in thousands of forms of art, have great educative value) there is the prime necessity

of each perfecting its own special civilisation as far as racial and language qualities can allow. The true humanism consists in keeping off foreign culture except what can easily be subordinated, and giving fair play to the native element to rise to its full natural height and intensity of charm. If political cataclysm breaks in, there is no help for it, because the way of life to individuals or nations leads seldom to the highest possibilities. Humanism from the English basis promises, if we continue faithful, fortunate, and dominant over religious fanaticisms, to equal and perhaps surpass that of Greece and Rome, in poetry and all other forms of art, from the house to the constitutional and infinitely graded state.

SOUTH KENSINGTON, 1886.

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HUMANITIES.

A LATIN TRACTATE.

THE languages of Greece and Rome, Bentley thought, were luxuries, and the redoubtable Porson enthusiastically recommended to anxious inquirers French and other contemporary tongues in preference. During the earlier period of life, many, with something akin to envy, have looked over the forbidding wall of the Eden of scholarship, where the devotees of Greek and Latin learning walked clothed, and surely in their right minds, if judgment could have been founded on the supreme nicety of their footsteps whilst stepping in at least grammatically clean places. Some conjuring can still be done with such names as Grotius, Salmasius, Causabon, Vossius, Heinsius, Brunck, Scaliger, Erasmus, Buchanan, Bisetius, Valckenarius, Gronovius, Pighio, Orvillius, Wesselingius, Farnabius. But what are these out

of the many who, like Byron's leaves of the forest, lie withered and strewn? It has been said that Milton's most effective poetical passages are catalogues of names. He would be a most musical artist who could harmonise into popular interest the crowds of, as they compliment each other, *amplissimi, consummatissimi, exactissimi, dignissimi, eruditissimi, candidissimi, sagacissimi, doctissimi, elegantissimi, literatissimi, clarissimi, præstantissimi viri*, who fed on the sweet food of the classics with the keenest of appetites. Heyschius, Ruhnkenius, Schæferus, Amerpachius, Fischerus, Hemsterhuis, Mehlhornius, Pauw, not forgetting Hœltzlinus, the *futilissimus hominum*—what better sets of consonants could be got together to harrow rather than amuse the present public ear? Spankhenius, Jacobsius, Davisius, Crusius, Stephanus, Matthiæ have a Hebrew archaic sound that might allow them publicity; but what of Bloch, Toupius, Jungermann, Schweighauser, Steger, Reiskius, Madvig, Witzschel, Ruhnck, all good men and true in the battles of the ancient books? Shawius, Baxterius, Musgravius, Arnaldus, Schottus, Clarkius, Wolf, Gaisford, Clinton, might be admitted into current literature of England. But it begins to be true that such names as Heyne, Dindorf, Hermann, Zumpt are barely enough familiar to us of the day.

Perhaps there is more excitement of pleasure to be got, by most cultivated persons now, out of a roll-call of names, than there would be from a skilful condensation of what was done by their owners. Grævius, Ernestius, Munckerus, Cognatus, Vinetus, Heretius, Hardiunus, Mitalerio, Ciacconius, Cellarius, Cluverius, Lipsius, Crinitus, Gyrardo, Muretus, Melanchthonius, Hortibonius, Crispinus, Bachmann, Jahn, Piersonius, Frischlino, Siebelis, Blessig, Moschopulus, Apetzius, Baehr, Heskinus, Heringa, Hardionius, Venustior—what Thomson, man or maid, could hope to draw an educated crowd around such a picture of antiquities? They did not want blood and wounds either; at all events, those of the kind caused by pen and ink. With Montsortius, Burdinus, Abreschius, Zimmermann, Musurus, Tollius, Barnesius, Heeren, Kuhn, Burmann, Brantius, Apollinaris, Camerarius, Schrevelius, Britannus, and Boissonade, let this cannonade of dead scholars here end. The warriors, the statesmen, the merchants, the manufacturers—are their fates much more distinguished, after Time's hand has been as long on them as on these? If the day has come when our minds are not impressed with the awfulness of the learning of such toilers in foreign tongues, the value of devotion to the highest specimens of culture is still

never other than permanent. It shocks the dullest when a Dr. Parr, or a scholarly politician like the quondam representative of London University, grows melancholy about the use of what deserved to be called the classics. As with all other things, even the most valuable, love of the ancients must have its darker times. Life itself may not be worth much, dreamy heads can come to fear. Where are sciences and humanities, in their ups and downs, when compared with the cogitations, not only about existence, as with Descartes, but as to whether existence were worth having if we did prove it? No one need admit that Latin and Greek are 'luxury unfit for ordinary intelligence,' that they are 'inferior to modern literature,' or that there is greater utility in dabbling with chemical messes, in splitting stones, or in stabbing butterflies and other living creatures.

It is agitated now about a *libellus* or tractate credited to the authorship of Marcus Valerius Messala Corvinus, who lived and spoke and wrote with the great Augustus Cæsar reigning. The discussion can be interesting to the slightest skimmer of literature or to the heaviest colossus of science. Doctrines of descent are side by side with the smallest particulars of verbal criticism. The right of a Roman emperor to assume divinity or fatherhood

of men might alternate with such a theme as the difficulty of remembering acquaintances and names. This does not state much, for all roads, it has been noticed, may end in going round the world. That Messala is the author of the tractate is the thesis on which affirmation or negation has to battle. Does its title-page bear a true burden? *Messalæ Corvini ad Octavianum Augustum de Progenie sua Libellus; in quo simul et prima Urbis regimina ab exordio brevissimè exponuntur.* The doubters find it very easily possible to say that it is not his. There is, it is thought, a monkish mediæval flavour about the compliments to the ruler of the Romans, *domini rerum*, which suggests the secondhand scholarship of the European revival. Augustan authors have their rhetorical panegyricism, but this Messala is chivalrous to anachronism in his bearing towards the *imperator* of the nations. It would be rash, notwithstanding such possible conclusion, to toss the piece of writing aside as useless, if not worse. Its subject is important. To see Augustus through the nearer spectacles of some monk or Italian scholar of the fifteenth or sixteenth century cannot be without some value. But the tractate need not be limited to this period. Ideas will gradually form about it. Neither English, German,

or other scholars have had it under criticism lately. There were many forgeries undoubtedly, *supposés*, as the French say; but these themselves, had we surety of them as such, have their interest to the sternest and most moral of scholars and men. Hardly is there need of the sentiment, so often expressed in catch Latin, "Nothing human ought to be foreign to the philosophic mind." Love of the ancients and the idleness of a monastery might almost excuse the playfulness that would hand down to posterity the scholastic ideas then prevailing about Roman and Greek history. To be casuistic in favour of the enthusiasm of the discoverers of the ancient world of literature were surely venial sin. This tractate addressed to Octavianus Augustus concerning his pedigree, and which has also exposition of the early Roman rule, if it were absolutely proved to be a scholar's digest, amusement, or forgery, is anything but worthless. An ingenious interpretation of an allegory from a poem in which there is no allegory may be a literary success on its own account. If we find substantial and consistent outline of the descent of the Cæsars, the little book is no cast-away, whosoever was the author. Some time ago it was prophesied, by those who must have had super-

ficial knowledge of the persistence of human nature to its old lines, that the question of development from the monkey, or from the lower deep of *bathybius*, would disgust mankind as to lineage, blood, genealogies, titles, and the other distinctions. Not so. If it should be settled, as it is not, that no rigid boundary stands between man and the beast, there would be, just as before, the eager claiming of kin to the highest members in the scale of life. It ought to be suggestive to know what a scholar of the fifteenth or sixteenth century thought of pedigree. Could the *libellus* be accepted for Augustan, it would be of still more importance, as being the contemporary testimony of a great spirit to one of the chief figures in a most notable family.

The controversy about the authenticity of *The Letters of Phalaris* shook the learned world to its foundation two centuries ago. Armies of arguments swept over the battlefields. Seventeenthlies were nothing in the linked sweetnesses long drawn out which prevailed as instruments of conquest. Bentley and Boyle were household words of the war-cry kind. It is not likely that the present subject will develop into such a Babel of erudition, though it may not be wise on any one's part to prophesy or protest too much in similar connection. The general public, it is

true, do not look kindly on the critics of disputed passages any more than on the makers of the centoës of classical quotations carrying in them the bitterest possible stings of personality. Should they tempt nests of hornets? Did not the high soul of Milton disgrace itself when it got into ancient armour? Display of annotatory and grammatical learning were as untimely as futile, but there is room for criticism. If controversial temptation should arise, like as with the nine Muses against the nine infidelic daughters of Pieros, of whom Ovid so sympathetically tells, it may be thought "base to contend, but baser to yield." It is undoubtedly possible to wage a sharp war about the genuineness of the *Progenies*, the facts external and internal being plentiful for the two views which are open. To draw attention to a neglected piece of Latin dealing with a first-class subject is in itself a noble enough enterprise, should there be no further cavaliering possible in the field. This letter from a somewhat original Latinist, the late Professor Munro of Cambridge, will at least act as fair warning about hasty conclusions:—"Trinity College.—Dear Sir,—I fear I can be of little service to you—the work you write about being almost unknown to me—except in this: that I think I

may assure you that little or nothing has been done of late years either in Germany or England to illustrate the tract in question. I have not the smallest idea as to what views you may have with regard to the authorship of the *libellus* attributed to Messala Corvinus; nor is my opinion of the very smallest significance on the question. I have always taken for granted that the work is one of the very numerous forgeries by Italian scholars about or near 1500. Let me repeat that my opinion is on this point of no importance whatever. A glance at the contents makes it, indeed, quite manifest to me that the Messala Corvinus to whom it is attributed can have had no hand in it. But, pray, assume that this is merely the *obiter dictum* of one who has no title to pronounce judgment in the case in question.—I am, dear sir, faithfully yours, H. A. J. MUNRO.”

The real Marcus Valerius Messala Corvinus was born, Livy says, in the year of Rome 695, B.C. 59, a little before Julius Cæsar came to Britain. He was of that illustrious Corvinus family whose ancestor of early Roman history conquered a formidable Gaul by the help of a violent crow or *corvus* on his helmet. Probably a heraldic subsequent bird was the parent of the mytho-historic one; but,

in any case, the Corvinuses were second to few Roman families. When Messala came to manhood, he got into the republican set, of which Brutus was the head; and Cicero is said to have been his introducer. He fought at Philippi, and after the fatal battle was leader of the fragments. He submitted, and says Paterculus, *Nec aut Cæsari quidquam ex victoriis suis fuit lætius, quam servasse Corvinum*. Through the good offices of Asinius, Virgil's millennial Pollio, Antony afterwards gained his adhesion; but when Cleopatra's fascinating power destroyed all that was Roman in Mark, as Shakespeare familiarly calls him, he went finally and faithfully over to Octavius Augustus. He was three times consul, once with Octavius himself in 758 A.U.C.; he had command in Gaul, reduced Aquitania, and got a triumph; he was augur, and the first-appointed prefect of Rome: so that his life was full of action the most public. His death occurred in A.D. 11. Democratic for long, he became loyal to the emperor as *pater patriæ*; his skilful answer as to consistency being that he was always on the side of right. It is said by Pliny, the naturalist, in his great work *Historia Naturalis*, book vii. chap. 24, that for two years before his death he had lost all memory of facts; his own name also an

unknown quantity to him : *Sui vero nominis Messala Corvinus orator cepit oblivionem*. If we may believe the amazing panegyrics of Tibullus, no one did greater things than he, in the camp or the forum—

Nam quis te majora gerit castrisve forove ?

The worlds of military, civil, and literary affairs seemed too narrow for the versatile prodigy. Wise Virgil, in his minor poems, reached such admiration of him as this—

Victor adest, magni magnum decus ecce triumphi,
Victor, qua terræ quaque patent maria ; . . .
Nec minus idcirco nostros expromere cautus
Maximus, et sanctos dignus inire choro.

It is with his literary character that there is chief business for the present ; and if a small part of what has been said of him in this respect were quoted from the Latin writers, it would be tiresome because of this among other reasons—the uniform praise of which we cannot judge for lack of materials. Beyond two pieces, making up thirty or forty ordinary lines, taken from his work on augury and the magistracies, by Aulus Gellius, in the *Attic Nights*, book xiii. chap. 15, and to which Rufus Festus refers, nothing survives of his actual production, unless the *Progenies* could be substantiated as his.

If he was *le principal ornement de cet âge d'or des lettres romaines*, it may be granted that this, however interesting for other reasons, is not one of the best specimens of Augustan prose literature. It is, nevertheless, rather sharp logic on the part of M. Dubois, *professeur* at Paris in 1826, to discredit his authorship of the piece on the ground that such a time could not produce a work with words in it (barbaric as he thinks) like *absentando*, *subjugavere*, *carcerare*, *impetuose*, *occæperant*, *austerrimo*. He translates it among other recognised Latins, and forgets to say one word as to the possibilities of copyists, from the codices and the copies, introducing Gothic or vulgar words, the too sufficient usual explanation with editors. But *la faiblesse et le barbarie de certaines expressions* does not settle the question. The same game has been tried at the greatest writers' expense by ingenious scholastics, as on Cicero, in such glaring example even as the *Oratio pro Archia Poeta*. It is the amusement of Aunt Sally to Continental scholars like Schroeter. Since Plato and Aristotle's works began to be tested as genuine or not, this has been the favourite field of the talent. That Herr Barth, the professional disputator, has proved the *Progenies* to be spurious in his *Adversaria*, about 1640, the

Frenchman assumes; such a Roman *écrivain* or *littérateur* not possible within the *détestable*—*détestable est le mot*—little book. There was a young academical disputer, under the presidency of Professor D. W. Moeller of Altorf, who, in 1689, took the same side. No one of the three inspires much terror as antagonists, and it might be worth while dealing point to point with them on their own chosen ground. Verbal, gymnastical, or dogmatic ways of criticism are not the best. Could not Messala have his St. Martin's summer like other versatilities? At that period a man is apt to return to what he has practised in his strength. His chief book was written about the families of Rome; and the *Progenies* is in the same line, having the peculiarities we might thus expect. Dubois puts himself at once out of the court of criticism when he screams that *De Familiis* was a bad book morally because not republican. Genealogy to him is the unpardonable sin. He could have no sympathy with the man of whose indignation Pliny Secundus tells, because it was attempted to mix up the Lævinuses with the Messalas, though both were of the Valerian *gens*. Could the critic have ever read and understood Horace's satire to princely Mæcenæ *On True Nobility*? Have not you, *citoyens*

of Paris, dared to cut the heads off aristocracy and clergy, and with abundant decoration as *novi homines* thought yourselves no step beneath them? Dubois—

Hoc tibi Paulus,
Et Messala videris?

Englishmen are in a better position to understand the ancient Roman feudalism, that had respect to pedigree as its chief article of belief. The very first note of the *Progenies* is, that the author's power of toiling, though not his genius, was all but away. Virgil elaborated his imperial poem, the *Æneid*, twenty times over, Walsh says, in his quaintly charming *Life*, and still he left it unfinished. Cicero did much in polishing his own works; and it is especially noted that his speeches were touched and retouched to get them free from localisms and crass 'cause' terms. The Latin language, in the Augustan period, was by no means clear of barbarisms and Etruscanisms. Is any language in any period? Why, too, should other pieces have the benefit of supposing that they may be unfinished, and this not have it? It may have been but rough-drawn by the great Corvinus in his stronger time. That it is a first or earlier draft of his in his dotage is

not only a possible but a probable thing. Every artist in writing knows that colloquialisms are only got rid of in the more intellectual and finished compositions. With some usefulness it has been argued, though certainly too far, that the common speech at Rome was then not at all the smoothly polished thing we meet in Horace, Cicero, Virgil, or Ovid, but somewhat the same language as spoken Italian is now; the declensions and conjugations of little elaboration, and the current words of the coarse, if popularly expressive sound. Messala, whose memory failed in so singular a manner, would be just the mind to use the words cavilled at despite, or rather because of, his previous power, sweetness, and selection as orator and writer. There are several indications, from what is known of him, that his brilliant life ended somewhat grittily. Did he not, with a symbolism gone mad, write a book on the letter S? Cicero himself was the subject or victim of superstitious dealing on the part of some writer with the letter C; and perhaps these matters, or his ornithological and astrological findings, explain Tully's otherwise unintelligible hit at Messala, as one of the augurs to be laughed at, and not to be seriously taken. Have we not had our own Cromwellian, Napoleonic, and Byronic fatalisms of days and years

and stars? It is unsafe standing-ground to hold that, because the tract is not highly remarkable for its style, it can be neither Augustan, nor, therefore, the work of this blue-blooded, eloquent, and capable tory of tories. That the *savants* of mere words are not to be trusted too far was shown to only too perfect demonstration by, in this line, the very acute Bentley, when he dealt, according to his special science, with *Paradise Lost*. At the same time, it is not denied that, should this little book be a genuine product, it is but a melancholy remnant of him whom his panegyrist Tibullus called the equal of Homer in immortality. That his health was not good is one other consideration to explain the contrast of his fame to the comparative meagreness of this sketch of his. *Quis nunc feret oratorem de infirmitate valetudinis suæ præfantem? Qualia sunt fere principia Corvini*, says Tacitus in *De Oratoribus*. And is it likely that he could be always excusing himself on the ground of ill-health if there were no foundation at all for such introductions to his speeches?

There are one or two general considerations which tell in favour of this account of the Cæsar family as authentic. It is not monkish Latin, whatever else it is. There is not a suspicion of the flavour

of Christianity in it; and if it were the work of a mediæval churchman, his limited ideas could not but force into the composition some sign of his spiritual hopes and fears. There is nothing of the patristic *patois* either, if there be comparison made from the first to that last of the Fathers, Erasmus of Holland. Had some Italian scholar been kept apart entirely from the influences of his time, like the mythical frog in the solid stone, he might have concocted such a little pedigree and history. The doubters could be made frankly welcome by the other side to such a possibility. But leaving this view, perhaps the most suggestive thing with regard to the authenticity of the work is the otherwise inexplicable rush which its author makes, from his somewhat elaborate treatment of the early kings, over the republican period of consuls, dictators, and tribunes, to the kinglike rule of the Cæsars, on which subject he becomes full again. A volume could be written in this connection, showing the policy of the astute courtier; the conviction of a conservative statesman as to the necessity of hating, and, especially at that time of imperial success, the wisdom of ignoring, democracy; the scruples of the artistic writer, who could not but know the want of proportion which his political one-sidedness

gave to his piece; and possibly the dissatisfaction that has left it, not a torso, but a rough block from the quarry, having indeed elementary and instructive, without the harmonious shape which secures not only immortality, but the immortal admiration of judicious and skilful hearts in all times and countries.

No writer has fared better with his contemporaries and successors of the literary guild. If we may trust them, he is of Roman literature what Leonardo da Vinci is of painting. To us, however, now they both are but great traditions, kinds of reverse pictures to the young men of such extraordinary promise that, had they lived, the earth should have become some paradise or other of complete delight of the human race. Cicero magnifies his powers of oratory and writing to an extent much beyond what the rhetorical habit of mind would account for, and especially in his *Letter to Brutus*. It is true that this work has also been branded as a forgery, by an English scholar in particular; but nothing is easier than to manufacture such theses of acute discovery. The pity is that playful mud sticks when and where it should not. Professor F. A. Paley's quotation of Hermann applies to this forgery-hunting as truly

as to the thin study of mere words: *Est hoc communis sors eorum qui arti criticæ operam dant, ut initio nihil non corruptum esse suspicentur; ubi autem maturuit scientia, paullatim intelligunt, multo minus corruptos ad nos pervenisse veteres scriptores, quam a criticis esse corruptos.* To make a habit of arguing that white is black sharpens the wit only for a time, and it ends in making *futilissimi homines*. Is a piece good? is the main, who wrote it? a side question. Detective business is least of all satisfactory in literature. The best have suffered. Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Plato, Aristotle's works are mostly *supposés* to over-keen sight. Cicero in more than one place praises his, as Paterculus names him, *alumnus*, if not rival, freely; and even of his eloquence he says *qua mirabiliter excellit*. Tacitus or Quintilian, following the development of oratory from rudeness to refinement, says that Corvinus was milder and sweeter and more elaborate in words than Cicero, as the latter was clearer, more urbane, and loftier than Gracchus or Crassus. His style is said to have been *nitidus et candidus*, and to have shown, as can well be believed, *nobilitas*. The lost tragedy of Ovid, his *Medea*, is praised to its highest when it is said no book of Asinius Pollio or of Messala

Corvinus was so brilliant; and this inverse tribute is enhanced by the fact that the discussion is on the comparative excellence of the arts of poetry and prose. Seneca, the philosopher, extolled his genius as most exact and learned in all the niceties and powers of the language—*dissertissimus vir*. There are testimonies to his fame from nearly all the greater writers. Nor was he less popular as an artist in good living than in the finer arts. It was to him Horace addressed his ode *Ad Amphoram*. The jar of Massic wine was to be drawn for Corvinus, who would not neglect its flavour, however deeply engaged in the feast of reason, or, as the poet says, *Socraticis sermonibus*. The *disertus Messala* he calls his friend in *De Arte Poetica*, and he is again named by him as one of the fit though few readers it is his ambition to secure. *Juvenum doctissime* young Virgil addresses him in his *Ciris*, if this also is not a *supposé*, as a French editor thinks. He was one of those who recognised the fine genius of Ovid, and saved from civil and military service for Latin its most characteristic, original, and native poet, to whom—

Sponte sua numeros carmen veniebat aptos.

The mourning of Martial for the neglect of living

poets in favour of past ones was somewhat misplaced in the case of this one—

Norat Nasonem sola Corinna suum.

If Ennius, as he says, was read in preference to Virgil in Virgil's days, does not Quintilian magnify the poetic office by telling how the Roman audience of 100,000 rose to a man to welcome their *vates* magician, Maro, as if the emperor? The versatile Messala might have been born in the era of the critical philosophy, it would thus seem; and it is not the least suggestive index to the width of him, that while a sacred augur he could also play at epigram with as lively a touch as Martial himself. Haisnier Hannonius, the astrologer, in 1559 spoke of him as if the Roman Nostradamus. The loss of his books was possibly the saving of his immortality, for there have often been such vari-coloured bubbles of a time the universal subject of speech. Mathematical symbolism is noisier but unspeakably less abiding than Virgilian, because lifeless. As it is, the indications are that there was reality behind that notoriety. But even to his very person he had the *ad captandum* characteristics of popularity. Valerius Maximus says in his *Memorabilium Exemplorum*, that though crowded with all the civil and

other honours, he had the nickname of 'the play-actor,' because his face was alike with that of Burbuleius, the scenic. He could grace a meeting of bachelor *sodales* as perfectly as address a senate of patricians, in the loftiest tones of *nobilitas*, hereditary and acquired. In the conclave of augury or in the council of war his deportment was supreme. He is a bright example, among the many in Roman history, of how the highest individual culture and the noblest sacred, civil, and military action could harmoniously and enhancingly combine. The time of the first Cæsars, themselves the chief luminaries in 'humanity,' as Ovid has it of Augustus,

Ipse pater patriæ, quid enim civilis illo ?

was remarkable for nothing so much as the all-round character of its notables.

It is fair to mention some curious likelihoods with regard to the *Progenies*, this supposed last work of the great Messala. The recovery of the Greek and Latin classics was largely connected with Constantinople, where all that was best of Greece and Rome had been gravitating for centuries. The Turks came like a thunderbolt in the fifteenth century, and sent the gatherings of ages adrift. The originals of the classics found their road in all

kinds of haphazard ways to the western peoples; and no more eager employment was there than copying for preservation from the coming Mohammedan storm which threatened Europe, all that the ancients had left securable. Hungary played no mean part at that time in a military aspect. It is not so well remembered that she also acted most usefully for literature. If she helped to save the West from conquest, she also, by her scholars, preserved much of the classics. The Corvina, its kings then, especially its greatest Corvinus, did much for learning. It was he who founded the famous university of Buda-Pesth; and, having good culture himself, he kept a staff of copyists continually at work there on the treasures rescued from the barbaric Turks. As many as three hundred are said to have been thus regularly busy. It is easy to see what this had to do with the real or supposed tract of Messala Corvinus of the Augustan age. So brave a king-warrior, so deep an admirer of the classics, might have found, contemporarily or posthumously, a copying scholar who would try to give a share in the doings and fame of the early Corvinus to the later one. It may have been an essay on the part of the king of Hungary to write what his real or 'adopted' ancestor should likely

have said of the descent of Augustus, to which the copyists put the Roman's name, by design or innocence. But as against this, it is not *prima facie* probable that scholars, so shortly after the time of the Hungarian Corvinuses as 1532, the date of its first printing at Basil, would not be able to know if it was a forgery or playfulness of such kind. Indeed, the persistency with which it goes on from this date to be published, generally in the same volume or edition with the acknowledged Latin writers, is one of the strongest presumptions in favour of its antiquity. To critics of the temper of Barth and Dubois, there is no better reminder than the fact that several Italians translated and edited it as the genuine work of their own Latin Messala of high fame. As early as 1544, at Venice, it was translated *in volgare* by Brother Andrea Lancienese while enjoying the scholarly quiet of a monastery; and in Florence, five years later, G. V. Belprato also translated it into Italian. The universities of Italy, greatly inspired by study of Dante and the artists of painting and sculpture, as well as of the relics of ancient literature themselves, were then full of spiritual and critical life; and it is not very likely that such cultivated translators, as their work shows them to have been, would have spent their time

over a forgery. It is a further presumption in favour of the good faith in which it was taken that it was thought interesting and valuable enough to be made available for other readers than scholars. Meantime, let this be added, however, that those who hold it to be spurious have many fields in which to find objections; and for further such example, were there not two Dutch as well as other European Corvinuses who wrote much Latin, though some of them are possibly anachronistic writers? If the point is made that the question is by no means closed, there is sufficient gained for first step.

The *Progenies* was published second, not earliest, as Vossius says, by Jacobus Bedrotus Pludentius in 1540. This is the Moguntina or Faust edition. It appeared at Cologne in that year also. The first edition of it in 1532 was bound with Livy and Patavinus, and in the same year it likewise appeared in company with Florus, as also in 1540. At Paris it appeared with Livy in 1552 and 1573, and at Frankfort in 1588-90 with *Hist. Rom. Scriptores*. From Raphelengii it came in 1607, with the smallest page and type, bound up with Paterculus, Victor, Rufus, Eutropius, and others in one volume. The Rovi re edition appeared at Paris in 1609,

where it formed one of *The Ancient Latin Writers of Roman History*. There was an edition, with Florus, in 1615; in 1621 it was among *The Latin Writers of the History of Augustus*, Boxhorn editor; it had other appearances with Florus in 1625 and 1630; and in 1632 with Boxhorn's *Latin Writers* it got good fellowship. At Oxford in 1703 it had Eutropius for companion; and in 1729 the Lincoln College edition there appeared simultaneously with the Leyden volume, which also contains Eutropius. In 1743, Haurisius editor, it was printed with *The Latin Writers of the History of Augustus*, and again in 1789. At Leipsic it took its place among the *Auctores Latini Minores*, Tzchucke editor, in 1793; and, with various other Latins, it was printed and translated at Paris under the protesting care of Dubois in 1826. For the last fifty years it has been unfairly neglected. This does not exhaust its appearances; but it will be sufficient to show that the prevailing opinion of the best scholars of wide periods had permitted, if not sanctioned, the *Progenies* as Latin literature.

It is thus oratorically, or, as the doubters would say, chivalrously, that Messala begins his work on the pedigree of Augustus:—"Since your honourable demand, most glorious emperor of nations, frequently

urges me that I prevail upon myself to illustrate by literature the descent of your famous family, and at the same time the early government of the city of Rome from the beginning, I shall bend to your good opinion of me, and give diligence to employ somewhat of my powers, if too little of my elaboration. For although what you demand has been declared wide and far by historians, and by the most learned of the ancients, and although I am aware that you have been dedicated most devotedly to the study of the greatest matters, nevertheless, because you command, I shall attempt the work, and begin, taking a limited boundary for my subject, to set forth the genealogy of your very ancient family, which, placed now in the amplest majesty, aspires only to the stars. Its course might be followed step by step from its remote origin, but I shall hasten to advance, most serene Cæsar Augustus.”

Je vais obéir a Votre Majesté et m'efforcer de mettre quelque talent, mais peu d'étendue à ce résumé, translates the sceptical, superfine M. Dubois. Does not the Brother Andrea Lancienese understand his Latin kinsman's spirit better in, *Ubidirò alla Clementia tua, et darro opera di occupare un pe de ingegno ma poco di fatica?*

With such introduction a geographical framework

is begun for the picture of the heroic family: "The whole circuit of the earth, which the ocean washes on every side with its waves, is divided by historians and cosmographists into three parts." Pretty ample oratorical sweep of the eye to commence with. But the author soon settles down on Asia; then on that part of it called Asia Minor; next, on Phrygia, a province of the latter; and lastly, on the town that had for names, in the order of time, Dardania, the city of the Teuceri, Troy, Ilium. The founders of Troy, the Dardanians, he says, came from Italy or Crete, carrying with them a European religion. These were afterwards joined from Crete by Teucer and his companions, the fame and power of the city being thus greatly increased. Dardanus and Teucer reigned jointly, the family of the former succeeding to both in the person of Erichthonius. Trous, his son, was next king, whose justice and piety gave the city his name. Ilus succeeded his father, and built the very imposing and most famous citadel called after himself Ilium. Laomedon, the son of Ilus, quarrelled with the Argonauts under Jason and Hercules on their quest of the golden fleece. After their return to Greece they equipped a fleet, and, much in the manner of the more famous second destruction of the Troy of which Homer was the

præconium, the city was put to fire and sword. Hesiona, the daughter of King Laomedon, Hercules gave to Telamon, king of Salamis, because he was first conqueror within the gates; and of them was born that second, the disinherited Teucer of European Salamis, whose hopefulness Horace immortalised by the line—

Nil desperandum Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro,

and who succeeded in planting a new Salamis in Asia. Laomedon being killed in battle outside of his doomed city, was succeeded by the illustrious Priam, who repaired and adorned the ruins into the world's then greatest magnificence, making defence his object of careful devotion, as well as high beauty in marble.

This is Messala's account of Troy: would it be risking much to say that nothing clearer or more feasible is to be found in any of the ancients? See the speech of Panthus in the *Æneid* for proof. What was of special interest to patrician Romans, the descent of Æneas, their ancestor, is next taken up. Trous had, besides Ilus who succeeded him, another son, Assaracus. He begat Capys, Capys Anchises, Anchises Æneas, Æneas Julius, "from whom," says the writer of the *Progenies*, "you, most serene

Augustus, take the name of your family," the Julian *gens*.

Whilst leading the way to the Italian adventures of the Roman *Jupiter Indigetes* of Troy, the cause of the Homeric siege is explained on historic grounds, without shadow of the mythology which clouds, and perhaps overmuch ennobles, the topless towers of poetry's metropolis. Priam's sister, Hesiona, had not received marital rights from Telamon, though the mother of the hopeful Teucer. When her brother Priam grew powerful, he demanded marriage for her, or her return to his renovated Troy. Both proposals were rejected. One of his sons, Alexander, better known to fame as Paris, in revenge sailed into Greece with a band of the choicest young men, and abducted Helen, the wife of Menelaus, and fairest of the Greeks. For the rest, Menelaus, Agamemnon, Achilles, and their army came; Troy fell for ever; and Æneas the pious, with his nation's gods, had to seek a new country. Antenor as well as Æneas, because of their attempts to make peace, and for their faithfulness as hosts of Ulysses and Diomedes, the Greek ambassadors, were allowed to escape from Asia. Sailing past Italy of the south-east, which was then well occupied by the Greeks, Antenor, the brother or nephew of Priam, went

north to the head of the Adriatic, and took possession of the land there, which came to be called Venetia from some Paphlagonian exiles among his followers. There he built Patavium and set up the Trojan arms. As to these, there is a private heraldic controversy between the orator and the *imperator maximus*. That 'Troia' meant 'a swine' in Italian or Latin of the time is a peculiar reason for the standards of Antenor to have pictures of the animal to remind of Troy. Certainly Virgil, and the Romans generally, made considerable business with the hog and her offspring. The wolf which suckled Romulus and Remus is not so mythically mysterious.

The fortunes of Æneas are the proper subject of this genealogist. Æneas also sailed towards the Greek colonies in Italy, visiting Helenus, the Trojan and the prophet, who, through the friendship and death, by the hand of Orestes, of Pyrrhus the son of Achilles, had secured a kingdom there, with Hector's Andromache for his wife, in the midst of his hereditary foes. Messala's account of this visit is the same as that of Virgil, from whom he quotes the prophecy of Helenus, that where, near the banks of the Tiber, a swine should be found with thirty of a litter—a quite mythological number—the hero was

to build his city. The death of his father Anchises in Sicily is touched upon, but the Dido episode of the poet is ignored. Than this there hardly could be a more valuable incidental presumption of the authenticity of the tract. Such a piece of internal evidence may well go to help the general considerations already given. The anachronism of making Dido live then might be allowed as a poetic, but not as an historic license. In the useful *Ex Magni Aurelii Cassiodori Chronico ad Theodericum regem*, Carthage is said to have been founded by Carchedo when Latinus Sylvius reigned, the fourth king of the successors of Æneas in Italy. The hero does land on the African shore according to the historian, but only as the shortest passing incident of his voyage to his destined home. When he reached the Tiber, Latinus, the son of Faunus, an autochthonic enough name, was king then. Livy and Virgil have different accounts of the meeting of the two, but they agree that Lavinia, the daughter of Latinus, became the wife of Æneas, that Turnus, his rival, was put aside, and that he built Lavinium according to the prophecy. Messala discusses these writers, and returns to his favourite study of the heraldry of the sow. He cannot decide whether this was the arms of Æneas because of the *sus cum*

grege first seen, or from the Italic vocable, or from the single, pioneering, lively swine carried from Asia by the hero for prophetic, prospective purpose of fixing his city, which animal historians or fabulists say was let loose at Lake Avernus, and rested at last on the proper spot beside the Tiber. But he risks explaining the exhortation of Helenus in the line of Virgil,

Vade age, et ingentem factis fer ad æthera Troiam,

much as if a modern Gaul, not to say prophet, should have exhorted Napoleon to go and bear an eagle with large brood to the stars of glory. To bear a swine with her deeds to the sky needed great symbolic blindness of heraldic faith. "And," says the controversial courtier, "since I had perceived you, serenest of princes, doubting frequently in this quarter, and staggering many as to doubtfulness of the matter, my pen has hung longer and farther away from the path than my design required. Who, indeed, while investigating through the most ancient records of learning, a subject very distant by so many ages, can escape without ambiguity? *Sed ad propositum redeundum.*"

After the death of Æneas, who became then the autochthonic Jupiter of the region, Ascanius, his

son by Creusa the Trojan, succeeded. He deserted Lavinium and built Alba Longa. When he died, his brother Sylvius reigned. It was questioned by the authors of the ancients, says Messala, whether Sylvius or Ascanius was the genuine Julius "from whom the *cognomen* of your thoroughbred family, O Augustus, was derived." Posthumus he was called, because born by Lavinia after the death of his father Æneas, and Sylvius because, afraid of her stepson, she retired to the house in a wood of a shepherd having the Virgilian name of Tityrus. It is not enough recognised that the Romans were as mythologically poetic in their early history as the Greeks, though they had the unspeakable literary misfortune of being afterwards reduced to be the imitators of a foreign, the Greek, culture. At this period, *en passant*, the greatest Greek and the greatest Hebrew singer flourished. To Sylvius, Æneas Sylvius succeeded. Latinus Sylvius followed, from whom the *Prisci Latini* took their name. In his reign Carthage was founded, and not by Ilissa or Dido in the time of Virgil's hero. Alba was next king of these Sylviuses, then Atys, then Capys, Capetus, Tiberinus; the last being drowned in the Albula, giving it his name, the Tiber. Agrippa was his son. Romulus Sylvius followed, in whose

time Lycurgus flourished. Dying childless, he was succeeded by his nearest of kin, Aventinus; the mount named from him that desolately overlooks modern Rome being his burial-place. Procax Sylvius reigned, leaving two sons, Numitor and Amulius, and a daughter, Rhea. Amulius, the younger, dispossessed Numitor, killed his children, and made Rhea a vestal virgin, thus to secure the kingdom for himself and his offspring. The famous story of the twin Romulus and Remus, suckled by a wolf, brought up by Laurentia and her husband, the royal shepherd Faustulus, occurs at this point. When young men, their relationship to Amulius and Numitor was accidentally discovered, and ultimately they slew Amulius and restored Numitor to his rightful kingdom. "Recognise this man (Numitor) to have been the last of the Alban kings of the Julian race, O Augustus," says the author of the *Progenies* emphatically; "and know that that race, before Julius Cæsar and yourself, the ornament of princes, terminated in the time of the private fortune of your family without empire; for I do not judge that Romulus, the founder of the city, and of your rule by the maternal line, born of an unknown father, was of your stock, if I rightly understand the genealogy of your ancestors. But now I shall

turn my pen to the Roman kings, the consuls, the dictators, the military and plebeian tribunes, that you may view Roman rule from its origin to your most happy times."

He keeps his word so far as the kings are concerned, giving some peculiar facts not to be found elsewhere, and for this very valuable; but, as if from some imperial misgiving, he gets over the republican government during 447 years in a few sentences. With the precision that might be expected of the author of the work on the relative positions of the magistracies, the powers of the republican departments of rule are defined with masterly conciseness. The history of events is studiously avoided, with the single and safe exception of the districts brought under the Roman dominion during the consular, tribunitial, and dictatorial rule. Italy was subdued wholly, the Alpine peoples, Africa thrice, Sicily, Sardinia, the Balearic Isles, Crete, Numidia, Spain, the Celtiberians, Cantabrians, Asturians, Lusitanians, Numantia, and all Gallæcia. From the labours of Julius Cæsar, Gaul and Britain, by a nine years' war, were made tributaries. After this were reduced Illyria, Istria, the Liburnians, the Dalmatians, Greece, Epirus, Thessaly, Achaia, Macedonia, the Thracians, the

Propontis, and the Bosphorus, with Byzantium itself.

But Messala, the genealogist, the historian, the augur, the astrologer, the man of civil and military affairs, the poet, finally, the orator, has come to his last paragraph and peroration, and it is not unworthy of himself or of his *divus* subject:—"From these bounds of annexation it was penetrated to the Danube and the Rhine under your auspices, most victorious of princes; and your powers of diligence have subjugated each bank of both rivers. The two Germanies, upper and lower, have yielded to you only. The Noricans, the Pannonians, the Suevians, the Marcomannians, the Dacians, the Moesians, and the rest of the nations of the north, have been conquered. Europe everywhere, to its farthest limits, has been awed by you and paralysed. In Asia you had taken your way previously, and having conquered Antiochus, the very powerful king of Syria, and Mithridates being overcome, Syria, Phœnix, Ctesiphon, Babylonia, Judæa, Palestina, Arabia, Cilicia, and all the district of Pontus, with Asia Minor itself, in which are contained Phrygia, Lydia, Bithynia, Paphlagonia, Isauria, and Cappadocia, submitted to your commands. Both Armenias at the touch of arms yielded. Mesopotamia, be-

tween the Tigris and the Euphrates, dyed with the blood of Parthians and Persians in manifold war, at last obeyed the Roman. Bitterly it had been fought at different periods against those Persians and Parthians; but, with slaughter great on both sides, the Roman remained superior and ruled his enemies. To the north, the Colchians, the Hiberians, the Albanians, the Scythians, the Assyrians, the Caspians, and even the Amazons, were subjugated by the generalship of our leaders. The kings of Ægypt eagerly stood in friendship and alliance. Cyrene and all Libya, and Mauritania on the death of Juba, were subservient. Lastly, the Indians from the very farthest east, when carrying war to the most distant west, sent an embassy to you, most glorious of princes, professing themselves prepared for annexation, since under your rule nothing was left unsubdued. *Æternum vale tui seculi perenne ac immortale decus, Cæsar Auguste.*"

Thus has Messala completed his circle as to the *progenies* of the great emperor; and the tractate has its lessons for all times, whether authentic or not of its author. As a book to 'read,' it would be probably of more right effect than much highly finished Latin art.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ROMAN RACE.

THERE is an interesting similarity between the subjects and their actual modes of treatment of the body of Latin writers and of present European *littérateurs*. Origins, progresses, developments were rolled as sweet morsels under the tongues of the greatest men of Rome, either in leisure hours from state business or in retirement for complete study. The present nations have not had so inspiring mythological periods as the ancient peoples; but western Europeans have the extraordinarily vigorous, and at the same time vague, Saxonian early cultures, and we of France and England are not without additional Celtic remnants of Druidic dreams. The Arthurian legendry and the chivalry romance are of the literary rather than the racial temper. Of all the origins we have had already wide discussion. In Germany the passion to see into beginnings has been perhaps too much cultivated.

The authorities on the subject among the Latins were men of high standing. Cato's great work *In Originibus* is lost to us, except by collations from other writers; but his gravity is as good as a certi-

ficate to the value of the theme. Cæsar is probably only too much used as to early story with regard to several peoples; and Tacitus may go with him, as having comparatively little to tell about their country's rise. There is not much in Livy either, though the subject was directly under his hands. It is Virgil, poet though he was, that is the acknowledged master as to the most distant references. His 'imperial poem' is the quarry to which subsequent historians go when they wish to steady any part of their narratives. He seems to have had access to stores of history and legend open to no one else. There was, however, a wide interest, with a considerable literature, in the Augustan age and before it, as to all the earlier doings of the Italian race. Virgil and others must have been able to read and understand that old Saturnian language which it had been better for the Romans' originality in art generally to have held by and developed. Those verses and Sybilline books of which we hear strange tales, must have been to the Augustans what earliest Saxon writings are to English and Germans. As with us, only very scholarly men, or those with a special purpose, cared to go into the mysteries of what was practically not only a foreign language, but an alien and abstruse subject. Legends

about the flood and a coming golden age or thousand years (if we do not adduce such proof as the Virgilian odes), were certainly moving darkly about in Saturnian verse, which was not quite swept into oblivion even as late as the emperors. *Mox petita a diis piacula, aditque Sibyllæ libri*, says Tacitus of Nero's epoch—*Annals*, Book xv. What do our most famous and accurate English historians know, say, of Celtic earliest remnants? or, if there were such remains of the first appearances of writing or verse-making Celts in these islands, might it not be feared that our historians of Norman conquest, of Henry Eighth, of Queen Anne, would know absolutely nothing of the origins here if the pieces were in some Saturnian Gaelic? It would not be altogether illogical to expect the Tennysonian minds to grasp and save such golden grains for men's delight rather than the professed fact-seekers. It is in this light that Maro, as the Roman writers like to call Virgil, is of the supreme historical value. It needs powerful and accurate imagination to penetrate into origins; and the poet is here on his own ground as master—that is, to seize the truth as it was. The general consensus of reference to him becomes almost monotonous. Whether it is Mes-sala, the orator, alchemist, astrologer, and writer on

all subjects in heaven and earth, or any of the later authors, their paragraphs have the invariable verses at intervals. Often, as was to have been expected, the same references appear in one after the other of them, till it must have been stale, flat, and unprofitable exceedingly, one would think, about the third century, when Roman books and historians and epitomists were said to be as thick as leaves on the trees. The Romans of that time have been called the people of grammarians, and this was caused greatly by the etymological discussions which questions of origins always raise. In what is left with us of their writings we find quibbling as to the meanings of words equal in worthiness to the worst exhibitions in such kind with ourselves. Celts are our greatest sinners in this way, but perhaps there could be pointed out cases of etymology among the Latins as bad as Andrew Mackay from the *Andromache* of Trojan fame.

It would not be disrespectful to prevailing culture if it were said that not one in a thousand educated people have a dream that the Italian history did not begin with Romulus; so impressed have men been by Rome, especially as seen through its Greek dress. Practically, the Latin language is a modified Greek, as most certainly the thought

conveyed is not the original Italic, but that brought from over the sea, its Asiatic blend being quite discernible. If it be stated that there is a whole history, during five hundred years at least, of considerable development in government, art, literature, civilisation generally before Romulus, and if the fact were sufficiently illustrated, new insight could be gained as to the inmost texture of that Roman nature which ended in rule of the world by the gowned race. It is in this light that Etruscan potteries and antiquities like those at the Vatican are of such interest and hope. Could we get, however, the light of literature, Saturnian or Ennian, in any way cast over this lost period, it were as the sun to a candle in comparison with guesses from pottery and similar comparatively deadish finds. Dr. Schliemann's lucky and plentiful diggings tell us less of Troy and Mycenæ than one pregnant line of a Greek poet. Where all is dark, or very nearly so, we are supremely thankful for historic and antiquarian devotion; but the wisest are apt to forget the relative values of things, and to waste energies of interest and attention in less prolific fields than others that are quite as open for speculation and realisation.

The present purpose is to sift what is valuable


from the little piece by Sextus Aurelius Victor on *The Origin of the Roman Race from Janus and Saturnus, its Founders, through the succeeding Kings, up to the tenth Consulship of Constantius*. The plan of his title is not completed. The book is a fragment, and it is better so. It ends, either by design or accident, at the quarrel of Romulus and Remus. What follows this point we have more than enough of elsewhere. It is the Italic period that is treated, and this would have been the more valuable part of the book of larger design than the author was fated to complete. *The Origin of the Roman Race from Janus and Saturnus, its Founders, to Romulus*, is the right title; and, if it were well filled in, no time of all the world's history could have more genuinely poetic value. If there ever was an Ossianic period in Celtic history, it might compare with this. Icelandic literature and culture were of similar character when in their flower. Far deeper than the later prototypes of the Macaulay lays, if there were such, must the mythologic tales have been. The Nibelungen lieds of the Italic people or Aborigines flourished in those periods before the robber Romulus appeared with his rough hand. Violent patricians are always the destroyers of home culture. Do not this species

or class import foreign speech, external ways, for pride's distinctions, all through the world's history? It may have been inevitable; but it may not be so once people recognise the tendency of feudalic savagery with the strangers' garb to insult native growth and equability. The Norman invasion was not of this kind, though it began so. French did not choke out English thought and literature, luckily for all that is best now with us. The Normans were of Saxon blood, and they became an inspiring rather than substituting and destroying element. Regal and consular government at Rome was continually despising native thought, and when at last Greek influence reached them (which happened too soon), it was all over with the benign hope of an original Italic literature. It is not quite wide of these thoughts to say that modern Tuscan has more of the oldest times of the peninsula in it than the Græcised Latin. The shadow of Saturnian days is seen in the sweet seriousness of many a Dantean passage. To the late world the vernacular of Italy was in the shape of verse like the rising from the dead of a buried Christ who was blood of their blood and flesh of their flesh. The fighting dogs of Rome had scattered to the winds not only nine of the twelve Sibylline books of Italic feeling,

but all of them ; so that in the noon of sway such a penetrating spirit as Virgil could only trace shadows thin and grey of the early and autochthonically poetical forefathers. It is the plant native to a soil that is its valuable production and best offering to the world. Exotics are for unhealthy livers. There is a best specially for each person and country, and that is their distinction and usefulness.

What then does Sextus Aurelius Victor tell us of the morning's prime of the proud day and ultimate night of the universal empire ? Much after present ways, he gives a list of the authorities from whom he has drawn his information—Verrius, Flaccus, Egnatius, Veratius, Fabius Pictor, Licinius, Macrus, Varro, Cæsar, Tubero, Livy, and Victor Afer. What ancient authors generally state, he says that he takes account of besides. But the most important of his sources of knowledge must have been the annals of the pontiffs or high priests of Rome, to which he acknowledges his indebtedness. These chronicles were undoubtedly the most valuable historical material that existed. We have the shadow of those pontiffs yet with us in the pope, so long do survivals take to pass away ; and from the men whom we know to have filled the office throughout Roman history, such records must have had great

weight. It is admitted that they went back very far, and whether they reached the Saturnian age of Italy and used its language or not, certain it is that many facts relating to that period were entered into them by the continual writing of the chosen men of the empire, learned in nearly every case exceedingly—learning being the chief qualification for the office of pontiff. The civil and religious pieties being one thing with the Romans, these annals would have the immense advantage of being written by minds more practical and shrewd than those whom we call now children of the light, and more poetic and sympathetic than those who are statesmen or political economists and nothing more. The friendship of Virgil with Augustus the emperor, and the consequent freedom of access to all state sources of information, are the explanation of the depth of the poet's historic suggestions. From these registers by the pontiffs he took the facts on which he built his powerful poem. It is hardly wonderful that the mediæval scholars called him the magician, because the augury of at least seven hundred years was condensed in his epic. The wisdom to be found by a wise soul such as he was in a narrative so sacredly compiled by the most sacred and honoured persons through many centuries, could



not but have been very miraculous. It is said of some highly cultivated Englishman, that after reading Virgil for a certain time he used to get so terrified by the historic and spiritual underdrift of the *Æneid*, that he often threw it away with his full force, crying out that the book had a devil. It is incontestable that ordinary readers—and indeed even such cultivated but political contemporary minds as Mr. Gladstone represents in his Homeric criticisms—have seldom a dream of the intense intellectual depths of the greatest poets. Of the learned and specially literary writers, there is none superior in cunning, subtlety, and width of knowledge to him who is called justly enough the prince of Latin poets. His distinction is that he energised so exceedingly that he is practically not a Latin at all, but a seer or world-worker who uses nationality of history and language as the instrument of expressing universal art. Earth and Hades with its Elysium were the ultimate subjects rather than *Æneases* and *Romes*. But the wise man does not overshoot his mark; he accepts the means of doing successfully what he aims at. How train Romans upward and inward to the knowledge of spiritual things and power except by the natural things with which they had most acquaintance and

in which their interest was keen? A thinker's Homer does not grow as thin as Dante did over his *Divine Comedy* in writing the squabbles of the Beaconsfields or Gladstones of his day, much less spend his soul in following the hunting adventures of passing Livingstones: he is a *vates*, and is engaged with immortal thoughts and things. No man or woman is hero or heroine quite enough for the poetic soul. Who are the mothers divine of our doubtful everyday celebrities? Are they Venuses or Carmens?

That Sextus Aurelius Victor had some access to these pontifical chronicles must give tenfold value to what he says of the origin of the Romans. How much access he had or took (for this also is not to be forgotten, men's habits of study being so different), we are not likely to know very well, because there is so limited means of comparison with other writers in similar field. But of all the authorities he gives, this one may safely be allowed to be the most fruitful and trustworthy. He wrote his books when the Roman rule was transferred to Constantinople; and thus, before Gothic and Turkish destructions, and after the accumulation of Roman records for a thousand years, he had a rich field of writings around him from which to take his facts and philosophies.

Poor facts, and poorer philosophies of us all, what are they, whence do they come, and whither do we and they go? Yet here is life, and life needs action, and some would stake their souls that the best action is in such spheres of labour as these of mythology, history, and poetry. Let us thus be illuded (if illusion it all is), cries what is best in the soul. Let us love the noble deeds and doers in the past as in the present, so that we also may be inspired to become heroic as we can. If we are mortal, we shall die immortal, at least in hope. Why should we have lived like the flies, to be swept away for ever? But ah! why, too, have they fluttered in their sunny days? Man, woman, are your histories no greater than the passing corporal pains, which are better when forgotten? Shall we not cling to our fellows to save some of our hopes? Roman or English, what matters this busy recording if all is but dream? Yet still we cling to our epitaphing, though it were only decorating graves for ourselves in this sad light. Did it need any wisdom of Solomon to tell us of the vanities? There has, it is to be hoped, more to be said yet on the subject, passing the knowledge of the *blasé* king, the child of evil love. It is easy to listen to Mephistopheles. But let us not dwell

in his lecture-room, if we wish to live. 'I have not lived in vain,' is a better gospel than any he expounds, if it is founded on gentle deeds. Something better far may grow from such sweet root, that may protect with wide branches the nations sweltering under the intolerable heat of that sun in the hot bare sky of brass which modern salamanders call science when they should have called it fire or hell.

Sextus Aurelius Victor, lucky for him, took things as they seemed to be facts, and was busy, and therefore, then, happy. He can be imitated for at least short periods. It is interesting now to follow his *bona fide* tracing of the source and gatherings of the Roman *imperium*. From Virgil he quotes that Saturn was the first name of regal importance in Italy. Saturn, fleeing from Jupiter, who had then gained the rule of Olympus, took refuge in Italy, and formed the manners and customs of its savages into civilisation. The historian disputes this on the ground that Janus received Saturn; and tries, but fails, to prove that *primus* means in this case *princeps*, instead of being the time epithet. Janus was the son of Creusa, daughter of Ereitheus, king of Athens. Apollo was his father in the usual way of heroes, who have to

be god-descended. Of ambitious temper, Athens was too narrow for him, and coming to Italy with a fleet, he built a city on that hill called Janiculum after himself—the seat of papal, and over against the site of classical Rome. It was there he received Saturn, who built not far distant the Saturnian citadel which kept his name. Sextus agrees with Virgil that the indigenous race were rude, and that, besides agriculture and the arts, Saturn taught them to coin money with a ship on one side and his head on the other; for which proof is taken from the tossing cries of the Romans, while another indication existed in the name of the treasury of Saturn on the hill of the Capitol. Janus, he thinks, must have been the first of the two in Italy, from verses in which he gets named before the other.

Sextus did not understand mythology as distinct from history. What does the discussion mean? We know that Saturn is only a symbol-word for time, the Greek word being *Χρόνος*; and we also recognise that Janus meant the opening, or what Hebrews call *Genesis*, or the beginning. We have January, or the opening of the year, from the meaning of Janus. This ends the dispute, because they both are the same thing, and not two per-

sons. The simplicity of the ancient Italic men was not so wonderful as Sextus thinks, when they said to a stranger that they did not know their parents and their origin, and when they believed that not only were they descended from the sky and the earth, but told their descendants that Saturn had the same parents as they had. If they did tell such tales, one doubts the Sallustian quotation, *Aborigines, genus hominum agreste sine legibus sine imperio liberum atque solutum*. A rough race, without much rule, and therefore free, they may have been, but these external appearances are often deceptive as to real culture. Homeric rhapsodists, Minnesingers, Scalds, and indeed the god-descended generally at all times, were hardly Parisian waiters to look at.

It is not certain whether these Aborigines were the indigenous earliest race of the peninsula. After a flood, if not the Flood, some Greeks came to ground first in Italy on the tops of mountains which they called *oræ*, and so got the name to themselves. This is one explanation. The other is that they were named Aberrigines as being wanderers, and when they changed to the Italic shore the word became Aborigines. The whole difficulty is evidently an etymological one, and no distinc-

tion of peoples can be drawn on such slender evidence. They were indigenous without doubt, as much as any savages could be, perhaps even more so than the New Zealanders, who have traditions of an emigration four or five hundred years ago from some land unknown. That Picus, the original magpie possibly of the land, received the Aborigines when they came, is too much of an easy assumption. But let us pass to the statement that Faunus ruled the land after the dove Picus. Faunus is said to have his name from the verb *for*, to speak, because he gave forth prophecies in Saturnian verses. It is not unlikely that these were annals or time-chronicles in metre for memory purpose, and if so, Faunus will also develop from a person into the thing or fact, of which scientific people are so much fonder. Ennius says the Fauni and the poets sang in Saturnian verses, and the two classes will become one if the historic rhapsody is remembered to be the earliest form of literature. This Faunus was called also Silvanus, or dweller in the woods, no doubt a shadowing of the Druidic method of education among the trees. We need not go so far as to reason from this that the Italic people were of Celtic blood and culture, though less suggestive lines of inquiry have often been

followed on such subjects. That, as Sextus says, Faunus was thought to be the same with the great god Pan, has a similar lesson to teach as "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Being, time, and harmonious thought, who can say which appeared before the others? Certainly not Sextus in his historic garments.

Sixty years before Æneas came into Italy, the first glimmer of political event shows itself, though not yet dissociated from divine birth—Evander, an Arcadian, the son of Mercury and of the nymph Carmentis, appeared with his mother at the court of Faunus. The child of eloquence and song, he could not but be a great teacher of 'singular erudition,' and of necessity he soon became the favourite of the ruling passion among early peoples—verse-making or Faunus. That he should build a temple to Pan on the Palatine Mount, because he is the familiar god of all the Arcadies, was a sure event. He takes up the Saturnian rôle of teaching the Italic men how to import Greek corn, how to read and write, how to yoke oxen—in short, how to do the things that several centuries teach early peoples to become somewhat familiar with. This 'good man' Evander is of too tall and broad proportions to be sure of him as of flesh and blood. He may be a dozen or

a million rolled into one symbol. Sextus might be excused if he assured himself there was some footing here for genuine prose of fact, but one need not be too sanguine as to his skill of guidance just yet. This mother, Carmentis, reminds too much of Horatius's titles to his Augustan verses. The whole is the poetic way of telling how Greek culture began to approach the original Italic. Hercules, the Greek symbol of opening civilisation, comes on the scene in Evander's reign. It is true Sextus calls him Recaranus, and is doubtful whether Virgil believes that it was the real Hercules, the son of Jupiter and Alcmena, who had the adventure with the giant Cacus, the slave of Evander. There need not be such doubt and fear. It is Prospero and Caliban, by Shakespeare's interpretation, and some at least would take his words for it before those of all the historians and commentators. *Cacus*, or *κακός*, *furacissimus*, is always ready to steal our best property, cattle of the high soul or Hercules, into his cave of sin; and he is cunning enough, the Mephistopheles, to draw them backward into his den, so that we do not know how we have lost our virtue; but

Ein guter Mensch in seinem dunkeln Drange
Ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewust.

Murder will out; the cattle will bellow at the wrong or the right moment; Cacus must be dragged out for punishment; and the altar of thanksgiving has to be built on which to sacrifice the Herculean tithe or tenth part, under whatever Aventine mountain, slope, or high place. The altar well deserves to be called *Maxima*. An Arabian Job will stand up for righteousness against any number of contemporarily orthodox friends, and to his Maker he protests the dignity of his manhood, and that his adversity is not his crime. True to himself, it follows he cannot but be true to all. Cassius, book i., has the account Sextus likes best of a Recaranus, but the deeper tale is taken from the pontifical annals, as might be expected. Here it is the real Hercules, and it is in the Circus Maximus of the Rome of the world he feeds his cattle, from which eight—seven for the seven hills and one for the Janiculum—were drawn into the cave by the tails by Cacus. Hercules kills the giant and gets Evander's friendship for the deed. The tale was very likely completed by a new chapter as to the coming to life again of the primeval devil, but Sextus may not have been deep enough in the pontificals to read this. One doubts his statement that Virgil feared to trust the account. Of the

altar Hercules made two Italians the priests, Potitio and Pinarius. This seems to be a completion of the parable of which Sextus makes so little, being blinded, as we see so many now, by the recognised and petrified culture which has worshippers with eyes that cannot see and ears that cannot hear. The obtainers and the hungry, or the called and the hunters after 'livings,' are eternal types; and Appius Claudiuses may buy external priestly appearances with money, but if they are born Pinarii, they shall be miserable 'blind mouths' calling for pieces of bread to the end. Priests and Levites are steady phenomena, who busy themselves about the great altar of the soul. Sad that they themselves often can get nothing substantial to eat with whatever dexterity they use their flesh-hooks. When the Potitii are unfaithful and sell their birthright for money or for anything else, the end soon comes. Slaves are first admitted to do the altar's service—hirelings, as the Hebrew writings call them. Then women only are allowed to do masters' work of offering, teaching, and preaching. Here is the deluge; and, as men and Sextus say, "Within thirty days the whole family of the Potitii, which was considered first in sacred ceremonies, was extinguished." This is too thorough, after the Roman manner; for a

Noah and one or two more always do survive such destructions. That the dead hungry ones, the Pinarii, get the keeping of the altar under the waters is true; but their offices are of the infernal type, and there is no hope for man till the rainbow spans the flood of prose again.

We now arrive at the reign of Latinus, the son of Faunus, in whose time Æneas the Trojan comes. Alexander Ephesius, book i. *Belli Marsici*, tells of his departure with a colony from fallen Troy by permission of the Greek leaders. Lutatius, it seems, makes him and Antenor the betrayers of their country, and thus to have got clear away. Another son as well as Julus is hinted at. Æneas from Troy touched at Thrace, and is supposed to have founded Ænus there; then, from fear of Polymnestor and the Greeks, he went to Delos; and lastly, he came to the Lavinian shores of Italy. The Lavinia whom he married, and who gave her name to the coast, was the daughter of a priest of Apollo. This does not agree with Virgil's ideal regal account. Leaving this, he reached the promontory of Neapolitan Baiae, near Lake Avernus; and there, as in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, buried his dead trumpeter, Misenus, from whose name the city Misenon was called, according to the first book

of the pontifical writings, Cæsar author. He buried here also the mother of a Euxine companion, and the bay therefore is the Euxinian. A relation of his own, a lady, Prochyta, died when he was consulting the Sibyl, and at the prophetess's suggestion she had to be carried for sepulture to a near island, which bears her name. Vulcatius and Piso write these *post-eventum* etymological tales. Thence he went to Caieta, which got the name of his nurse because buried there. Cæsar and Sempronius doubt this, and say the word comes from the Greek *καίειν*, and means to burn, because the Trojan women burnt the ships from nausea of sea-travelling. But if Sextus is right, the conservative females lost their point; for Æneas went to Laureus, a coast over which Latinus reigned, taking all his people with him, Anchises included, who did not die in Sicily, as poetry wisely arranged. Here Anchises remembered a prophecy of Venus to him, that the end of their labours of wandering were about done, and the famous pig was let loose which showed them where to found their city Lavinium, the mother of thirty little swine. So write Cæsar and Lutatius. Possibly there is occult reference to sowing and cornstacks in the story. But Domitius says plentifulness of beehives for food is the explanation, and

that to this milk and honey the prediction referred. The covered head at sacrifice of a swine always subsequently, Marcus Octavius explained by Ulysses inadvertently landing among his enemies, and covering his head at once to hide himself and be respectful to the sacrifice. The story of Domitius is that Apollo at Delphi told Æneas to build his city in Italy where he should find two seas bordering, and that in the Laurentian country he met two salt-ponds, plenty of honey, and the straw-hives for tables—sufficient indications, he decided, as to where his capital should be founded. Its name, Lavinium, came from his having bathed (*lavare*, to wash) in one of the lakes before his honey feast. Latinus, king of the Aborigines, gave him five hundred acres, which the hero of prose cultivated.

Cato's account, in his book *In Origine Generis Romani*, demands more careful attention. A swine, he says, bore thirty little ones in the place where Lavinium was to be; and Æneas, setting to work to build according to prophecy, feared because of the sterility of the surrounding country, till a vision of the gods reassured him. They said that he should with his Trojans occupy the city as many years as there were little swine, and then build another, the greatest city of future Italy. When the building

was heard of, Latinus got a levy of ill-armed followers, and came to ask questions of the new better-equipped visitors. Discretion, Latinus found, was as good as valour, and he made friends, giving his daughter Lavinia, though the betrothed of Turnus, to Æneas in marriage. Her mother, Amata, held by Turnus, and a war began, ending in the death of Turnus, the chief of the Rutuli. Cato's story is much the same as that of Virgil, and it is likely that both had access to the same records. There is this difference, that Latinus seems to have welcomed Anchises as well as his son.

Lucatius, book iii., says that Æneas became king of the Latins on the death of Latinus in the battle with the Rutuli. Piso has it that Turnus also being killed, his relation Amata ended her own life.

The most interesting part, however, in the *Origo* of Sextus is his account of the departure of Æneas. He does not differ essentially from other historians, but his description is *sui generis*. To revenge the trouble the Rutuli gave him, the king made alliance with Mezentius, an Etruscan prince, and both sides had been fighting very fiercely on the border of the lake into which the river Mucicus widened, the Latins actively commanded by Ascanius, or, as Sextus calls him, Euryleon, which is evidently the

same as Julius, when a sudden thunder and hail storm put an end to the battle, and after it cleared off Æneas was not to be found. There was a prosy explanation that he was seen near the bank of the river, and must have fallen in; but Euryleon, that is, Ascanius, protested he saw him as an immortal on the riverside in full armour, as Hamlet did his father on the battlement; and a temple was built there to worship the son of a goddess, Æneas, under the title *Pater indigetes*.

Mezentius, with his son Lausus, fought against the new king of the Latins, Ascanius; and were it not for despair when Lavinia was all but stormed, the Trojan adventurers had been wiped off. They sallied, killed Lausus, and, as Lucius Cæsar says, an alliance was drawn up with Mezentius. Aulus Postumius is another authority for the same facts.

There is a curious etymology given of Julius by Cæsar and also by Cato (*In Originibus*). Ascanius was so popular that he was not only believed to be descended from Jove, but got the name Jobus by *diminutionem*, which changed further into Julius, and hence the Julian family.

When Æneas died, Lavinia feared her stepson, and fled to the woods to a shepherd, Tyrrhus, for protection or hiding. She had a son there, called

Sylvius, from the quality of the place, says Sextus ; and in this he is stating the usual story. When she fled, the common people thought Ascanius had slain her, and a rising took place, which was only quieted when she was found and brought back with all maternal honour. So say Caius Cæsar and Sextus Gellius (*In Origine Gentis Romanæ*). This is another of the same titles with Sextus Aurelius Victor's own book. But there is an additional version of the story of Lavinia and Sylvius. Ascanius having sworn publicly that he had not killed her, nor even knew where she was, Tyrrhus, or, as some historians have the word, Tityrus, the same with Virgil's well-known swain, proposed that if the king would give his word of honour for their safety he should bring them ; and he did.

Sextus at this point gives good matter to help interpretation of the fable of the white sow with thirty young. The thirty years completed, Ascanius sought the site for another city than Lavinium, and found it where he built Alba Longa, or the white long town. Closely connected with this mythology is the tale that the household gods were carried twice from Lavinium to the new city and were mysteriously found again in Lavinium. The third removal no one would dare to attempt. To this

the pontifical annals, Cincius, Cæsar, and Tubero attest.

When Ascanius died, a struggle as to the succession took place between his son Julius and the son of Æneas and Lavinia, Silvius Posthumus, the latter gaining the kingdom and founding the Silvian line of kings, who reigned at Alba till the founding of Rome, according to the pontifical annals. With Latinus Silvius reigning, colonies took possession of various districts around. Tiberius Silvius died in battle on the Albula river, which got its name from this king, say Cincius and Lucatius. After him came the blasphemous Aremulus Silvius, who tried to make the gods and their thunder a small matter by making more noise with shields. He was struck with lightning, and at the same time caught by a whirlwind and thrown into the Alban lake, according to the pontifical annals and to the epitomes of Piso and of Aufidius, while Domitius says an earthquake and a landslip sent him and his palace into the lake. Aventinus was the next. He was slain in battle, Julius Cæsar writes, at the foot of the mount which has his name. After him Procas Silvius divided equally the kingdom between his sons Numitor and Amulius. The latter collected all the wealth of the country, and proposed the

option to his brother of it or the kingdom, Numitor preferring the money. Historians of modern times have neglected this not unjust arrangement in their usual references to the ambition of Amulius. But the younger son, on getting the power, soon showed himself. He had the son of his brother killed while hunting, and his daughter, Rhea Sylvia, was ordered to become a priestess of Vesta, to prevent rivals, as Valerius Antias thinks, the king having had a directive dream, evidently of the same character as the political illnesses which happen opportunely.

At this point Sextus discusses the most famous event of Roman mythology—the birth of Romulus and Remus, with all its antecedent and following circumstances; and it reads as novel as if a new chapter were discovered beginning the other Roman histories. Fabius Pictor and Venonius give the story of the Vestal being met by the god Mars as she went for water, and think her twin boys were worthy of such parentage. But Marcus Octavius and Licinius Macer have quite another and more historic tale. Amulius, her uncle, it was who met her in the grove of Mars in the darkness as she went to the famous fountain. When the boys were born, his object was to hide the greatest of crimes among the ancients, and the death of Rhea was the surest

way. He sent the boys to a shepherd to be brought up as rustics and foundlings. Ennius and Cæsar tell the common story of the exposure of the infants and of their finding by the shepherd Faustulus, and their nursing by Acca Laurentia, his wife, the supposed wolf of some interpreters. The magpie and the wolf are the Roman arms of Mars, because both fed the boys, and the ruminating tree of his heraldry is from that under which they were thrown. Valerius has a realistic account of the matter thus. They were given to a slave, Faustulus, to be killed in the ordinary enough way with Romans even in their civilised epochs. Numitor wished him secretly to preserve them, and the slave left them to be nursed by his sweetheart of the mercenary kind. Her class were called *lupæ*, as the quarter Lupanaria in Rome or Pompeii shows. There does seem an actual element in this early history. The wicked-uncle tale is not at all of the very fabulous order in the case.

Sextus says the boys were taught Greek and Latin learning in Gabii at the secret expense of Numitor—a statement that implies civilisation then that is never suggested in the conventional Roman history to be met with. In due time their foster-father tells them the stories of their uncles and

mother, and Romulus with armed shepherds does all the justice then possible to be done. His uncle Amulius he slew, and he placed Numitor on the throne. With his love of etymologies, Sextus says Romulus, being from the Greek word *ῥώμω*, meant strong or courageous, while Remus meant slow, because the ancients called men of that nature *remores*. The sacred games in the Lupercal were founded then by the two. They began as a kind of humorous struggle of men dressing themselves in the skins of the victims for sacrifice, with the strange dramatic instinct of all peoples, even the rudest, towards play. Remus called the actors in what became a solemn sacrifice permanently the Fabii; Romulus, the Quintilii. It is possible that there were two sides in the contest, but the double names remained indiscriminately.

The account of the manifestation of the heroes in the second book of the *Pontifical Annals*, however, seems to be that of most historic value. Remus was watching cattle while Romulus was away on some expedition, and Amulius took the opportunity of trying to seize him. He sent some schemers, who, afraid to attack him directly, proposed a game of carrying, as far as possible, a stone hung by a cord to the performer, the hands tied behind the back.

Remus boasted he could so reach the Aventine Mount. Being bound, they took him to Alba easily. When Romulus found out the trick, he formed the shepherds into parties of a hundred, each having a standard made with handfuls of sod, whence better to know their leaders. The subsequent well-known term of manipularian soldiers, Sextus says, came from this. Thus prepared, he attacked and slew his uncle Amulius, freed his brother, and made Numitor, his other uncle, king.

We arrive now, and lastly, at the building of the city of Rome. When the brothers decided that they were to found a town, Romulus planned that a city called Roma, after himself, should be established on the Palatine Mount; but Remus proposed one to be named Remuria, and five miles distant. Their uncle Numitor had to be made arbiter of the dispute. On the Palatine and the Aventine hills they respectively stood, and the flights of six and twelve birds appeared, the former the sooner. Remus lost, and bore himself with good grace by saying that many things rash would turn out fortunate for the city. Macer says he and Faustus lost their lives then and there about this matter, while Egnatius says he did not, but that he lived at some distance. Livy's may be the true version, that he

was slain for contemptuously leaping the sod walls of Rome, and Sextus adds, by the centurion Celer with a *rutro* or *castro*, which takes away the Cain and Abel aspect of the tale. Romulus made his city an asylum. Sextus thus ends his *Origo Gentis Romanæ*.

*LATIN VERSES AND LATIN
PRONUNCIATION.*

THE subjects of Latin verse and pronunciation have not escaped the spirit of criticism that has been moving powerfully in English culture during recent years. Satisfactory conclusions have not been arrived at yet with regard to either of them, nor is it likely that general agreement will be the state of matters among scholars for a long time to come as to the usefulness of verses and the usage of pronunciation.

What has long had the respect and interested effort of energetic and cultivated minds cannot be lightly dealt with. That they should not only tolerate but encourage versification is a decided proof that by means of it a great amount of culture is obtainable. It is true that we are inclined to follow in the steps of venerated masters; and, though the opposite is sometimes said, it may be stated with confidence that in the youths of especially the higher schools, the spirits of conservatism and custom are very strong. Some of the thinkers hold that we are liberal or fond of new ideas when young, and appreciative of long results and of his-

toric growth when we grow old ; but the youth they mean is that of men who have passed the bonds of others' discipline, and who are searching for independent rules of life.

While, therefore, it is at once granted that some culture is got from the nice searchings and fittings implied in verse-making, it may be deliberately said that there are great losses of energy and time in acquiring the accomplishment. Without rushing to the crude *cui bono*, which is never more out of its element than in these fields, it can be plainly shown that this is not the best way to arrive at that very nicety and accuracy and taste which are the stated reasons for the practice of verse-making. Every cultivated man knows the difference between the exactitude of the artist and that of the amateur. A true artist in words subsequently, Charlotte Brontë in her youth copying engravings till she spoiled her eyes, means quite another thing from Turner's last touches. If, therefore, verse-making but trains to dilettante nicety, and not to the powerful firm stroke of the master, it is by this one thing condemned, as not only not helpful to culture, but positively hurtful in the most insidious of ways. An angel of darkness is a thousand times more powerful for evil when he comes in the seeming garments of

light. If there is a habit of dexterity gained, it is only for destructive purposes. To those who have the guidance of the young nation, there is no part of the journey more dangerously surrounded than this.

It may appear paradoxical to say so, but nothing has shut the doors of actual poetry and true thinking more on our English youth than this culture of verses in a foreign language. The more accomplished they may be in it, the less chance is there that they will ever give blossom and fruit of thought in their own language. If one thing were to be blamed for the undoubted barrenness of English university genius, considering its immense advantages, these last hundred years, perhaps the best choice of a culprit to punish would be sham verse-making. All who have recently thought in England were either self-taught men or men who had heart-warfare against the actual processes of culture. The names of the first are legion; of the latter, Wordsworth, the enemy of set phrases and of mosaic in poetry, is sufficiently representative. In his *Prelude*, book vi., he deals thus with verse-making—

“The trade in classic niceties,
The dangerous trade of culling term and phrase
From languages that want the living voice
To carry meaning to the natural heart;
To tell us what is passion, what is truth,
What reason, what simplicity and sense.”

It is possible that he was one of those who are inclined to depreciate what they cannot do, at least in the present instance. A far truer likelihood is that he, as he did on most subjects where his passion—which he says is highest reason—was roused, hit the nail exactly on the head.

Strangely enough a great thinker has perhaps had more to do with this chaining of our best national energy than, one may be sure, he would care, if he could speak now, to acknowledge. Milton's extraordinarily absurd verses made the big gap in the fence through which ever since the English sheep (and in this most human) have been pouring to their own comparative destruction. Scholasticism was by no means dead in his time, and that alone excuses him; but could he see the effect of the influence of his own young efforts on his future countrymen, he would have written against himself some more wonderful essay than any of the lofty ones he has composed. It was quite a practical study in his time, getting away from such previous studies as whether a certain number of angels could dance on the point of a needle; but to us it is going backward to the infinitesimal discussions suitable to poverty and idleness; and what makes it the more destructive is, that we are surrounded with so much

which requires strength of head and heart to put in order.

If we were strong critics, we might see in these very verses of the poet the signs of his condemnation of such work. Emerson says that he left the beaten tracks of verse-makers, and spoke the language as a Roman at some stage of the language might. Perhaps it should be said that he wrote English which he dressed with Roman rags, making creations not of the most inviting aspect. The American recognises the incongruity of verse-making, while he admires the revolutionary movements of the Englishman against his own actual work by the praise of his freedom of movement.

Every attempt at creation of beautiful harmonious thought in another than one's national mother-tongue must necessarily be a failure. This is as absolute as that by all the efforts one cannot change from being a white man into a negro. The charlatans who pretend to such versatility beguile the simple as a matter of course; the seeing look through these fantastic games. Let it not be forgotten that charlatanry sometimes deceives itself into belief of its own power, when it becomes a perhaps more dangerous thing, namely, fanaticism. That adventurers should have translated, or attempted

translation, into verse of several languages, is not any wonder but the usual one at the ignorant forwardness and conscious cunning of the would-be magicians; but that so sympathetic a reader (for this is his highest excellence) as Swinburne should write French or other odes in foreign tongues, is one of the things to mourn for, and to be warned by, lest we be taken in by what even seems by the nearest difference the poetic faculty and discernment. Dante, in his *Convito*, has put the whole truth of the matter into a few words:—"Every one should know that nothing harmonised by musical enchantment, can be transmuted from one language into another without breaking all its sweetness and harmony." This is a complete argument against expecting to be able to write poetry in another language than one's native. It is not an argument against translation, because all we want, or at any rate all we can get, from this is the thought deprived of its original and national music. Translation has its *raison d'être* in its practical usefulness. Trying to translate poetic thought into truly musical words of a foreign language is condemning oneself to making ropes of the sea-sand.

Let this be followed closely. In all poetry each word has what Macaulay calls a 'magical influence,'

meaning by magical something more than rhetorical flourish. To every word there is a train of association that only a native highly trained and acquainted thoroughly with its rhetorical sound as well as sense can use to artistic purpose. What are called simple poems have dreams of distant influences beyond analysis, but not beyond the feeling of a poet. In writing prose also, this is most carefully attended to by good writers. Charlotte Brontë used to wait patiently, sometimes for days, to get a word which would give the exact pictorial or other effect which satisfied her artistic sense. In poetry the necessity of perfection is tenfold more commanding. He who does not know the inspiring influence which makes the exact words flock towards him for his decisive choice is not of the sons of song. He may make measures to deceive the eye and the ear; he never will touch the heart and soul with the ragged beauty he fruitlessly tries to render charming. The art of poetry is the nearest thing we have on earth to what is infinite; and nothing but the longest, most patient, most devoted care, till one becomes almost an instrument to be played on by a past and present national life, as well as a past and present individual history, allows this music to be secured

in tenderly related words. No wonder that the poet's words act like an incantation or enchantment. They are spiritual, and have therefore power over spirits. No one will argue that such height can be reached without the man living in the element of charm. He may make verses, but they will be, and cannot but be, like Rousseau's first musical public composition. The music seemed all right on paper, but when the instrumentalists began, their ears were horrified with the babel of confusion that arose.

But, granted that most wise teachers do not expect any poetry to be composed under the dress of Latin verse, it will be said that the purpose of the training is to give knowledge of words and exact dealing with them according to rules. As a mechanic exercise, this is undoubtedly true; but words and thoughts, as soon as they are treated mechanically, lose their virtue, or rather they hide it most sacredly from the eyes that would profane their noblest powers. It is said that giving tasks out of the sacred books destroys the reverence for them which is their highest object. Whether that is so or not, most certainly dealing with living words and thoughts as a mason does with his inorganic dead bricks makes them become inorganic, dead,

useless to the persons who so treat them. The greatest of all literary and practical evils is the consequent scepticism in the divine power of word. The doors of poetry and eloquence are shut on the young student. If he does get through them, it will be by rebellion against the culture imposed upon him. In the mouth of the orator one word has a thousand times more power than in that of men trained to look on words as mere things to be pieced together. How does he sway an audience with such terrible power but by recognising, through long inward surging of thought in a fine, or at any rate energetic nature, the living power of words that have the blood in them of the generations who have used them? He raises up a word to be a symbol which drags to his hearer's view perhaps half a nation's action since its birth. The word becomes a standard to be fought for, to the death if it so requires. Truly poetic spirits instinctively hate the crucifixion of words that kills all that is noble and energetic in their lives of brotherhood to all action. Verse-making is of the nature of false dissection among scientific men; the operators get so lost in dead details that they lose all power of dealing with life. It is Frankenstein making his monster, minus the life.

Once it would have been a good argument to say that it is hard to know what to keep youth doing at the stage of what is called hobbledehoyhood, and that it is a meritorious thing to keep them busy with anything. This need not be answered, because we now have only too wide fields of knowledge for them to occupy. For example, since we instituted examinations to be passed before a young enough age, we only require to have faithful examiners to keep time very well occupied. Those who have not this influence over them in some shape have essentially little to do with the higher parts of education at all, and certainly need have no connection with a discussion as to Latin verses. They are in the wrong place, and should be allowed to find their level. That such a statement as that it would be a good thing if our English boys could be put in some cave or other till they are twenty-five, should have found sympathisers very numerous, does not point to much perfection in the modes of dealing with our best youth. The fact has been that we have only educated to the mechanical limits. We taught reading, writing, and some numbers, verses among them, and left all original effort to take entire care of itself; indeed, if it showed itself, it was con-

sidered dangerous, and had to be checked at all hazards—

*"Sæpe pater dixit : studium quid inutile tentas ?
Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes."*

But, real or spiritual father, Homer, if he did exist to try any business, was of a poor barbaric age ; even our far paler artistic laureates can leave estates and titles. Is it wonderful that such mere machines as our educational confessors seem are terrors and tribulations in actual society, where humanities out of chains have had some exercise ?

It has been already noted that the best thing said in favour of these foreign verses is that they teach the necessity of attending closely to words—a most delusive statement, because while true to a certain distance, it hides the fact that when it is necessary that the very lives of words should be seen into, such discipline decidedly prevents all further progress. We can see this easily with regard to any of the present languages. Do we not know without a word of argument the superficiality of any Englishman's effort, say in French ? No example can be shown of first-class or even exact performance in this kind ; and why should Latin, which is a most intricate, mixed, historic, national-mannered language, blind us ?

All we can truly get from another language is the array of fact it has recorded, and the sufficient ground of translations is that we need to know facts. To expect to get the fine flavour of poetic thought, which is mainly the synthesis of the most distinctive feelings of a nation, is in great measure vain. To think that we can translate our thoughts, and give them the poetic national bloom, is not only absurd, but ridiculous. Assuredly we have enough of room for effort before we need try such an impossibility. It is utter waste of energy and time to toil at this dilettanteism. We cannot arrive at the aim we have, and our culture in aiming destroys our power for other workable things. If there is any wisdom among our teachers, why not stop the madness of dead scholasticism?

The thing to do is to make English the first subject of study to our youth. Was Rome the better of emasculating her language by studying Greek, almost, at last, to the exclusion of her own tongue? If she had held to her Saturnian verses, we should have had some original beauty of literature. We are following to the road of decay that calls us to say 'My life and my soul' in other than the language of healthy hearts—our native tongue. All the greatest artists of literature

in our history found no end to the depth of study required for work. Why are our teachers so blind as to think that there is more dignity in studying what they unwisely call classics than in studying their own language, which is the furthest effect of civilisation? They reverse things. They make what is secondary primary and what is primary secondary. The backbone of our culture should be English. The classics of all other nations are worth study only as making us more masters of our own classics. The talk about the political training that is to be derived from Roman books and the artistic and philosophic from Greek is very nearly unworthy talk, because it implies that all great men have to wade through the original writings of different nations, with or without purpose. Emerson has settled this pedantry, it should be hoped, when he says that he reads a translation in preference to the original for the largest gift that an ancient writing can give him. Wide-hearted healthy men know very well that the climate of birth is the best for their best effort. Let the small travellers run through countries or languages with their blind eyes and come back to boast. Kant never travelled more than a day's journey from his birthplace. Goethe at meagre Weimar said, "Here or nowhere

is my America." These facts have wide reference. But who so determined as such spirits if they have a purpose? They would learn, as Cato did, a language at eighty years if they could not otherwise get knowledge of facts they needed. A language is a means only, and not an end. They would travel the world, like Humboldt, to build their *Cosmos*. Such is the standpoint of the man as against the fool and the pedant. Knowledge and wisdom, like charity, begin at home, and never forget home, however far duty may point. The key to the wonderful excellence of the Greeks in all the arts—in the whole round of what it is glory to know and to make—is to be found in the fact that they were not primarily, if it all, troubled with learning the languages and copying the efforts of other nations. Thought and skill were direct objects to them. They sat down on their saddles to ride as gracefully and powerfully and effectively as they and their artistic Pegasus could. Hence the world of success they had. Poor miserable imitators and admiring copyists, what can they be but emptiness? Even the effort of the Romans, who had the comparative though doubtful enough advantage of being only one step from the lead of that original people, are crude unspeakably compared with that of those they copied

and—curse of all that is genuine—translated. Who does not mourn that Ennius's earlier style of original culture did not go on to the first place with the advancing Romans? The Saturnian verse is a thousand-fold the most promising part of all this people's literature. The modern communities who have been wading ignorantly through several nations' dead bones of culture are, as to real education, useless. The individuals who have kept close to their mother-tongue's power, in secret protest against dominating national methods of literature, have succeeded, and none besides. Dante with Tuscanism, Shakespeare with Anglicanism, Burns with the Doric Scotch, Luther and Goethe with their German, show the bad work of all these writers to be their imitative parts, the strong and valuable what is native to their tongues. The 'fine English' of Burns, Dante's Virgilism, the Greek imitations by Goethe, as by the whole French tragic-enough school, even Milton's Hebraic-Greek *Samson*, and Shakespeare's botched classical plays, are the mistakes of men who could do, and did, better things infinitely.

Why should we sacrifice our noblest youth to the Moloch of scholasticism? It was wise legislature on the part of Moses not to let the Jews have horses to go back to Egypt. Each of our boys is set to

ride a Pegasus of such lame paces and Rosinantean peculiarities, that for very stubbornness of shame he ever afterwards must profess him to be beautiful exceedingly. Young people have not learnt to be particular. Why do we not take care to give them at least horses that can carry them, when they cannot choose well by reason of their youth? Put these scholars into their native sea of English literature. There is as much philosophy, politics, and art in it as would serve any of England's best sons. If they know it, never fear for their manliness, which will go as far into other languages or countries as wisdom will advise. Never but in close intimate contact with our native thinkers shall we get our best impulse. There are writers in English whose every word will bear as close inspection as those of any nation that ever lived; and why should we not, day and night, study their furthest reachings towards the divinest things? Who could not point out a line in Shakespeare or in Milton that raises more elevating and inspiring thought to us, if we are sincere students, than any page of a foreign writer, modern or ancient? This question can be asked with reverence and thankfulness by those who love them who have great messages to us from other times and other lands. What is

contended for is, that as we should know more of the life of the family in which we were born and bred than of any other, so we should the genius of our language before that of all others, in order that we may become the stronger wiser hearts. If Latin verses should have a place in literary culture at all, it would be only in his who had so far cultivated himself as to reach the universal power of all language. Till then, it is sham and hypocrisy, by the very nature of the case, however sincerely minds may try to do what they can. If their effort is not entirely lost (for by Nature's arrangement none is), that says nothing in favour of the exercise, but rather against it, because it has taken them away from valuable effort which to them as individuals would have been greatly advancing. In education the great question is whether we are progressing by small or large steps. If Latin versification will advance again—which may be doubted—it must be by very small steps, and to the individual retarded among growing fellows this is virtually retrograding. The man who works free from chains will soon be his master, let him even gain a little agility with most agonising efforts in his fetters.

If such opinions with regard to Latin verses

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seem radical, what are to be stated with regard to Latin pronunciation are conservative, so that there cannot appear the dangerous temperament in these thoughts which desires change simply for its own sake. The new movement is following what is called the Continental, or, to be more particular, the Italian system, as being the best representative of the ancient method of Latin pronunciation. The chief things, not to go into tart specialism, are that all 'c's' must be pronounced as if 'k'; where the English pronounce the 'a' as in 'name,' it must be sounded as the 'a' in 'calm'; and that the 'i' cannot be sounded as the 'i' in 'fine,' but as 'ee' in 'meet.' The cause of this revolution was the undervaluing of the genius of our native English. Instead of making the Latin bend to English requirements of articulation, we are virtually bending the English to those of an extinct language of a dead civilisation. We shall create by this clever innovation something more monstrous than we guess, if it continue fashionable against all our native and really artistic repugnance to it. It is pedantry, but in the liberal extreme that is fighting against natural growth, and the struggle may be a prolonged one. Whether it must be overcome is not questionable, except as to the time the process may

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take. The pedantries of false philosophies of right drove the French Revolution into the excess which has disgraced a great and good movement of civilisation. But let us not follow Tityrus or youthful Mantuan Virgil in comparing little things to great. This matter of pronunciation may be little. It is great wisdom, however, not to despise the littles, for they become often from being as 'men's hands' to being storms.

As to the learning necessary for discussing this question of pronunciation, views should designedly rest most on acquaintance with and devotion to the inmost depths of English expression. Admire Munro, but dread his philosophy of sounds. The digging in ancient fields beyond measure should be refrained from as wisdom in the circumstances. The very way to get into mists and fogs is to wander thitherward. What Professor Huxley has said with regard to medicine gives a lesson of the right kind here:—"Indeed, I am so narrow-minded myself, that if I had to choose between two physicians—one who did not know whether a whale is a fish or not and could not tell gentian from ginger, but did understand the application of the institutes of medicine to his art; while the other, like Talleyrand's doctor, 'knew everything, even a little physic'—with all

my love for breadth of culture, I should assuredly consult the former." What he has said of breadth may also be said of minutiae of culture. It is an unkindly thing, seemingly, to speak thus of hard diligent toil, but the consequences of certain intensities are too well known to be trifled with. We should keep strong middle paths in criticism if we wish useful results.

The ground must here be taken, as introductory to what follows, that England has, either in developed or latent state, more perhaps of the highest elements of civilisation than any previous or present nation. Now the sound 'a,' whether as in 'calm' or as in 'name,' being the main subject of discussion, let it be considered first. In early, as in provincial Greek, the open-mouthed 'a' was almost the sole sound of the letter, as Doric still proves. The sound grew more restrained in Ionic; and in Attic, which was the language of Athens and of Greece's highest civilisation, the what may well be called gentle-mouthed 'a' in the shape of 'η' became the prevailing one. The same process may be traced in other nations, and the argument is that Latin also followed this order, or would follow it if equally civilised with the Greek. In French it may be seen in many ways, both historically and locally. For one

simple example, in Voltaire's time, third person singulars ended in 'oit' that are now 'ait,' showing the process of shutting the mouth; and the difference between Parisian French and provincial shows the same grading peculiarities. What to us is the best case, our own language shows the same process. Go to the parts of Scotland where what may be scientifically called Doric English is spoken, and then come southwards gradually towards London, and you will get the grades; not perhaps altogether according to the latitudes, but according to the combination of them with the history and civilisation of the places. Take the word 'man.' It changes from 'mawn' as we travel towards London till it ends here in almost 'men.' Or take a different sound. 'No' in the most Doric parts of Scotland, which are about the centre of it—Gaelic and Norse affecting English farther north—has the pure open-mouthed sound of 'o' something like 'aw' in 'caw,' but it arrives on the Londoner's lips at the shut-mouthed round nasal 'now' or 'nayow.' For purposes of comparisons like these the body of the people must be taken. The process of refinement can be seen in many ways. The silence which is beautifully cultivated among the highest class of people is perhaps the direction in which it may go to excess. You

can see the same thing shown by the comparative talkativeness and loudness of country markets, say with greater fairs up to metropolitan, which are quietest. What is called refined speech as opposed to vulgar is just the shutting of the vowels; but if any one go this direction before the general civilisation guarantee its support, he or she will be burlesqued. Dickens's mistress of the boarding-school who used to practise her pupils with the word 'prunes' had more of the science of the matter than Dickens himself in caricaturing her. By and bye his joke will attenuate for the cultivated into thin air, so that no one except the vulgar can see it. At the same time there is, besides the danger of a premature assumption of this movement of language, a more puzzling question, namely, where it would end? One cannot hope yet that matters had better come to Carlyle's loved golden silence. 'All thought and action; no words,' is an ideal undoubtedly. A schoolboy once was thought to have resolved the greatest question by saying, 'Civilisation is work.' Already the more loquacious and certainly less civilised foreigners say we are not far from its realisation—less civilised simply because not so trustful in the goodness of humanity. The bravest people, we are, therefore, at home over the whole

earth. Civilisation essentially means the spiritual courage that, by being beautiful and making beautiful things, drives away all cruelties, which are only forms of selfishness. Rousseau in the mad naturalism of his *Émile* abuses the shut-mouth speech of the upper classes, and praises the clear shouting of the peasants. The advocates of the open-mouthed 'a' are side by side with him, and consistently must be advocates of the sansculottism of savages as the *ne plus ultra* of pronunciation. But this is perhaps too long a shot for present purpose, though it is correct enough in its aim. It is possible for them to make a theory like his, that there is need for Doricising the languages, and English by means of Latin. To bring us back again to Chaucerian freedom of pronunciation—but alas! also freedom of speech and of life like that which in Shakespeare's time was called that of 'The Banks,' the Roman *Submœnia*—may be the way to make us masculine. Some people have the idea of humanity that it needs no help of the rough kind to arrive at its better ideals. The immense freedom of reading is daily reducing the unshapely battle that used to breed all kinds of disorder among us, and in silence we learn to become beautiful inward speakers. Who does not in 'society' know the wealth of the language of

unspoken innuendo. What will soon be required is more general exercise of singing, as the most natural and most refined relief to restrained lungs.

The chief burden of all this is that the genius of our own language, just as a man's own spirit, deserves the first consideration. By all means let us accept expressive words from other languages to enrich ours, but let us remember the precious heritage we have, in which so many high spirits have clothed their thoughts, and let us admit no word that does not renounce all nationality but ours when in our language. There is ten times as much vitality in a word from our own slang than in any foreign admission. So also with regard to letters and their sound. If it has been a quiet growth, showing the English natural desire in articulation, that the 'a' should be neither Continental nor ancient, our prime duty, wisdom, and certainly profit, is to hold by the dim but decided instinct. This ground alone would support the usage; but it is by no means clear that the best speakers of ancient times in the most polished periods followed the open-mouthed sound. As before hinted, a good case might be made that, even if they did, the advance of civilisation would have carried them out of it. Ennius or Plautus may have been like our Chaucer.

Does it not seem likely that Cæsar and Virgil and Cicero might have improved? The Continentals are of course led by the Italian language—a very false stick to lean on, despite Munro's faith in it. The language Dante formed is quite different from old Latin, having had a peculiar boorish Tuscan origin; and it has not, nor its people, arrived at any great height of civilisation. Despite the ignorance that confuses the effect of Italian music with the actual speaking of the language, finding sweetnesses in it, the truth is that it is a ruder language than those of several of the modern nations. The reformers of Latin pronunciation have marshy ground, if any at all, for their feet in this direction.

Their strongest post from which to batter the genius of English with regard to the sound of 'i' is the Italian language. Nothing can definitely be shown of the similarity between the Latins and the Italians in the use of the 'e' sound continually. The variations of the pronunciation of 'u,' 'i,' and 'y' must have been infinite, by reason of different tribes, peoples, times, and places. Even if we had Rome at all its different periods, and if we had no other places to consider, we should not be able to make fixed rules with regard to such similar sounds. Why should we leave what has been our own growth

for many years for some probability that has no secure ground on which it bases itself? We have been improving our English pronunciation by practising its spirit in Latin; and it may be in exact accordance with the best methods of the most civilised Romans in their most civilised period. This is the highest office in sound a foreign language can do to another; a far better one than imposing even its own method, if this were clear. Just as we hate English to be spattered over with foreign words in dealing with the substance of a subject, so it is hateful to have alien methods of pronunciation overriding what is the natural articulation belonging to our climate, just as much as our trees and kinds of corn. Let us be sure that these attempts to make English second to any other language is for us the work of crotchetry, charlatanry, or mistake. The newer method of pronunciation is an indirect attack upon English. Instead of the lovely sounds that used to fall from the trained lips of an English boy or girl of the best classes, like new sovereigns from the mint, we are to have, through the practice of this open-mouthed Latin pronunciation, the rustic blurtings out of words which are the natural correlates of rude life. It were better, at any rate braver, to preach Rousseauism at once in everything,

that we might get back to the original hat of matted hair that cost nothing but the growing, and to the other advantages of universal freedom. Strange to see in this abstruse direction signs of the natural human but degenerating desire to fall back from all the strain of noble civilisation.

The 'k' sound instead of 'c,' as in Cicero, Cæsar, Scipio, is so completely against the natural inspiration of English training in the English language, that if it were a thousand times proved that the Romans said *Kikero, Kaysar, Skipio*—and it has not been settled at all yet, even though the Greeks had only kappa in the 'c' places—it would be injudicious to introduce it here now, when we have used Latin so long as a guide to English, with the old sounds corresponding to the natural genius of our language. It has not been at all explained how 'c' in Italian, French, and the other modern languages, so persistently does not sound 'k' but 's.' Let the 'k' be an amusement for archæologists, but it must be kept away from our practice. All the better for our English if it has had thus far no interference of that imitative kind with its natural growth. Perhaps as things are, the weakness of it is that it was too flexible and suffered too much, at all events in too wholesale ways, the imposition of foreign elements,

notably French, losing its native sweetness, over-ridden by the broad-leaved plants of the garish tropical countries. If we fairly need other languages to help ours as our civilisation broadens over the world, let them be adopted as fact, the true moraliser, may require, but let us never forget that we are masters of what to admit, and let us never in this matter of language, which is at depth one of morality, be untrue to ourselves. In these English words are enshrined all that was noblest and most immortal of our brave forefathers, and while we are hospitable to all words as to all men, we shall not allow them to impose without thorough scrutiny their fetters and manners or morals upon us. We are the first people who have secured freedom, and more by means of our noble, strong, free language—the body of what best thought was in us as a race—than by anything else. We shall have no tinkering of our most vital constitution (for these words are the real constitution of our freedom) by any of the languages of serfhood or slavery, or even of infantine freedom. If, as it should be, our universities and all higher schools recognised that English is the first and final and middle object of their study and of their religious care, as the most precious thing ever yet given to the keeping of men, other languages and their

modes of pronunciation, translation, and versification would be thoroughly subordinated to the only field of a man's soul-exercise—his native language. It has always been, and is, and will be, a temptation to weak spirits to despise the near and to admire the far. They go to their own place. Who does not know the phrase by bitter experience, *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*? All the great—Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth (who sacrificed himself on this altar), Burns, Rousseau, Goethe—recognised that their birthright was their chief gift.

THE GROWTH OF LANGUAGES.

THE greatest distinction between languages, speaking generally, is that some have elaborate declensions and conjugations of nouns and verbs, and others have little or none. If the matter of growth were thoroughly studied, it would be found that comparisons of languages are made far too quickly. It is, sometimes, as if we should be treating African babes, European men, American women, as on the same ground for being judged with respect to differences. If a language had full play from its infancy to an old age, it would show all the marks, in turn, that we keep referring to peculiarities of this or the other dialect of speech.

At first, all languages are but solid nouns and verbs, without any delicacies of passage between them. Open curiosity of ignorance has no room or power other than to say what a thing is and what it does. For a long time these naked parts of speech are the sole vocabulary. The next advance is to notice differences; but, as the main ideas are still strong and must be expressed first, endings or terminations are the earliest artistic move towards

more refined expression. In all languages this is a long process of improvement. Hebrew, which Guizot calls the first common-sense language of the East, never reached a very varied, that is, artistically refined, number of terminations, its verbs not even expressing varieties of time to any extent.

Greek had fuller play, dealing as it did with wider worlds of fact, which is the cause of literary sanity ; and the needs of expression, as such, being greater to the people of the Attican and Ionian districts, their declension and conjugation in nouns and verbs became fuller. The Greeks acquired and invented five different ways of looking at things, called cases, which means accidental conjunctions of things and their results ; and they discovered as correspondent a whole armoury of ways in which things can exist, or be done, or suffer, as their infinite quantities of numbers, moods, tenses, voices, persons, show. There is no greater proof of the artistic excellence of this people than their knowledge of the number of ways thoughts can be expressed. It was a flowering time of inflectional language, that height of Greek literature. Their verbs had, however, taken syllables in front for needs of expression, and if growth of the nation had continued, it would have become an analytic language, as to some extent modern Greek

is, though perhaps rather from European contemporary influences.

As to Latin, after the regular native coarse growth, it took on the foreign Greek culture bodily; and thus, being imitational, it soon became to some extent a continuation of Greek. Its development in this direction would have been even greater had not political matters checked it. The Romans ultimately became a nation of grammarians, and the process went on of reducing the terminational declension and increasing particles, particularly antecedent. It matters nothing that the Latins have six cases. The Greeks had quite the same really, because the sixth is rather a distinction without difference, the work of pedantry and not of art, vocative and nominative being one, and sufficiently expressive. In verbs, however, they limited very much the truly artistic Greek luxuriance; in number, mood, and tense, nouns and verbs were made after a more military, stern, dry, realistic, pedantic type.

The new modern style among the European nations of analytic language developed by and with the greater throng of busier fuller life. Inflections dropped off, and the variations by prepositions, particles, and auxiliary verbs began to grow in front of the principal words. This showed an entire change

of the attitude of culture, and was the beginning of a higher civilisation—that of deliberate, conscious thought, as opposed to Eastern, even Greek and Rome dream. The real civilisation that found its fine flower in Greece and Rome was only the height of barbaric wonder-feeling; knowledge being limited—skied, so to speak—by the surrounding world river of Herculean fable and the old geographers. What struck them, they expressed quickly and lyrically; they could have no due deliberation and ultimate as well as thoughtful design. Of the greater modern languages, German, as most native and apart, has most of the old-world pagan spirit and form.

There is a deliberation implied by the dropping off of terminations and putting variations in front as separate ideas, which belongs to a state of manhood, as against the impulsiveness and mere cloudiness of youth, that first does its deed, and then smoothes it, if possible, into shape with other things. Here is the meaning of what is heard about Greeks and Romans being young, careless, joyous heathens, and ourselves introspective, weary thinkers habitually, in the most trivial daily as in the greatest matters. To the strong soul, however, there is infinitely grander joy in our glorious fulness and epic deliberation than was for the early children. ‘We hear them at their

play;' but the Englishman has quite as delightful duty for his manhood as their amusement was to them, and the boys get to know it gradually by peering into our workshops. We are not all 'barren rascals,' as some barbarian called the classically sentimental Gray; for to the master-mind the best play is the battle of society, since he knows that the gods and he are working together against the devils in the vale of human life.

After English grew out of its savage origin, it took on something of the artistic dresses of other cultivated languages, but discarded them when its own freedom was secured, and it is now the first of the new, analytic, non-terminational languages. Other modern tongues are following the same course, as the national advance and cultivation, and need of more and more refined and accurate expression, are pushing. That English should be freest from the old rags of what may be called the 'heathen law' of speech, and farthest in the artistic freedom that theologians call love or gospel, might be expected from length and fulness of the national progress, and consequent riches of literature. France is next of the modern nations, though unfortunately it has been too conservative of old false classicalities and dead bones—the art culminations of the savage nature before it knew the renovation of

introspection, and nought more, so true it is that even the very cultivated peoples can only struggle to the national height, and shape that to their best. The French being politically far behind England (only at the Revolution knowing that there was such a thing as popular right, while the English had a *Magna Charta* five centuries previously), their writers are still in the shackles of the mosaicism, in a double sense of the word, of literary art. The mere form, with their anachronistic Academy, is of sufficient importance, it is still thought, to be a potent cause for checking fresh life and expression, which will have new and proper forms of their own the thinker knows well. Who expect men to be born without skins, except fools and quidnuncs? The artistic soul is more anxious than any clever external critic can be about the form of his expression. Only the artist feels the inner heart, and he alone can express rightly the popular soul.

This process of analysis of ideas will go on, if political accidents do not check the languages or destroy them. In China, where a national people has subsisted, unmolested of other nations with their conquering, or, at all events, modifying speeches, for many ages, the whole expression is thus resolved into ideas; and as the letters were the alphabet to the

Greeks and Romans, and to us hitherto, so the words are the alphabet and entire language to the Chinese. This is beginning with us. Already we know that reading is more quickly learnt by teaching the child the idea and the word to express it at once, without the process of elementary sound implied in watching each letter; and, in higher culture, the best masters know that the speedy and really valuable, because useful for this present style of life, way of learning languages, is not by the painful life-servitude of the grammatical-mill method, but by letting the pupil deal first with ideas, and gather up the niceties as he goes along. If one wish to add a language to his *repertoire*, let him get translations, not grammars, to help him; and he will soon find out far more than the grammars could tell him, even of what is grammatical. It needs bravery yet in England to say this publicly, but it is getting said furtively already in the very highest quarters. It is the truth of the matter. This way of learning ideas is the education of the immediate future, as, veiled, it is that of the present. What was the real cause of an intelligent London School Board risking its dignity some years ago about the fixed form of spelling but an instinctive grasping at the newer and higher method of expression so long arrived at by the Chinese? Let us not

be afraid either that we shall become stationary like that people, through adoption or rather through our own natural development of this analytic method of expression. They had gunpowder, the compass, and all the things that have made us from savages to be the most practically civilised people. It is natural resources of race, agriculture, and manufacture that make the difference between peoples. Languages are only weak because their ideas are weak; ideas are weak where and when there is little to be done; and that the Chinese had little that they could further do is shown by the excessive cultivation there. At all events, they had not the luck of getting born among them the strong spirits that could discover new things, and also what to do with them. This people, however, have much guidance of the fainter type for us. That England will have all its mandarins or ruling orders selected just by the width and accuracy of their knowledge of ideas is only a question of time; already the wedge in the shape of competition has entered deeply, and no ultra-conservatism can withdraw it. If there are thirty thousand or more ideas or words to be learned, the best man will be he who knows most; for, if it be only used, knowledge will have correspondent wisdom in action we may be as sure as we can be of anything

connected with the varying element of human nature. We are before the other Europeans in this direction of selecting our rulers. It may be said that France is before us; but not so. Her growth is not natural but forced development by revolution, and only after she has agonised through that wilderness shall she know political and literary steadiness. Of the United States the same may be said, though certainly she had the training of England, before she went to America, to steady her popular frenzies, and to help her to allow 'literary' selection to be the rule of government; this 'literary' not meaning mere book and letter ideas, but real ideas, as with the Chinese. It is never enough considered by us young European nations how China has successfully—if such a thing can be called successful at all—dealt with increasing population and limited means of supply. Before we laugh at her stationariness, let us consider how we in this island, for example, would manage if there were no outlet or ingress, and we had to keep our people alive and prosperous. Perhaps we should find that the undertaking might have a strange tendency to enterprize of the type destructive to most living things but self. The thoughtful modern politician will find comparative politics by no means inclined to overlook the celestials. That their emperor is the first prac-

tical farmer by his position and personal labour is of itself a deeply valuable and wise political fact.

But let us keep to the growth of languages for the present. If the original invention of bare nouns and verbs in savage times, gradual addition of terminations in the young life of nations, transition to affixes and words in front of busy peoples in their manhood, and, finally, resolution of ideas into entirely separate words, cannot be seen in every language, and most clearly in those left to their own growth undisturbed by mixture or conquest of other languages, no more need be said. Language, just like art, has its growth from lyric or mere excited feeling, through dramatic altercation, up to epic idea-grouping. Did not Goethe by his, as to the centuries, premature *Second Faust* show where literary culture tends by and bye? The fault of his poem, however, is that his head saw and designed what no European national heart could then or now embrace with some knowledge and much love. Guizot, a fair specimen of European culture, saw no value in it.

Shakespeare, in a dramatic period, shows the complete changing of nouns into verbs just as he pleased. Indeed, his was a period in literature of battle between the old and new methods, and neither

could claim preference. For this reason there is a certain popular but disorderly wealth in the Shakespearean texture of merely dramatic speech. His *Tempest* is of the new type, when words and ideas have absolute hold of each other and cannot metamorphose quite so actionally but much more regulatively. This, however, is seeming technical, and there is no need for that. It is the drama that always destroys terminational language. If Greece had prospered politically, the problem of transition would have been solved there; and she would have shown the epical capabilities of a whole national development. Extremes meet, and the single impression of early savagery would find its analogue in the divine unity of harmony which the souls who could subsume all the national ideas under the infinite idea would gain as the greatest human reward. These souls are the highest rulers for men. The long periods of prose since drama declined in England were preparation for the culture of ideas and words as one.

It is well known that the Chinese can learn the English language much more quickly than any other, and it is simply because our language is well on the way to be one of distinct ideas. Whether this is a form of the same kind as 'caste' is in

political society may be investigated with profit. If it is so, we cannot escape, any more than could the civilisation of Hindostan that method of life. As matter of fact, possibly wisdom found that system to answer also best on the whole, else it were not so strong as it is. But in the fifty or sixty thousand English words there is infinity of combination, and it is impossible such system of writing could of itself make thought and art barren; rather, the direct purpose of learning it, and the real acquiring of much, would give a magnificent command of words—far wider than now, when good artists know only five or six thousand of these instruments of thought. New ideas, too, would grow, and get their words as before. The great value would be that right ideas would be known by their power of existing long and beautifully; and we should also have quicker entrance as individuals into the very glory and mystery of thought, that we might become the abler artists of beautiful combinations of thought and feeling as felt by ourselves.

HUMANISM.

IF it were asked what was the chief seat of humanism, most minds of cultivated habit would say Rome. That Athens had really higher examples in some departments of intellectual effort may be granted without contradicting the statement that the City of the Seven Hills reached nearest to be representative of this realisation of individual and national culture. In many respects the Latin civilisation was the legitimate general development of Greek thought and art. There is particular appropriateness in the naming of Latin studies by the word humanity, which, as the equivalent of civilisation and higher political expansion, expresses a great stage in mankind's estate. Mark Pattison, after long and dark groping through all the religions and politics, reached the conclusion that humanism is the top and crown of what the world has realised of that which is best; and Matthew Arnold has preferred it for elevation and satisfaction to the most ingenious theories and discoveries of modern science, whether with or without the Christian bias. They are right

in a stronger sense than they have realised. It would not be too much to say that since the time of the decline of Rome, ruling intellectual mankind have never lived but in the partial degrees. The Protestantism of Luther or the revived Roman Catholicism of Newman is equally representative of the partial and destructive cultures with which the world has been pestered these two thousand years since humanism was able to raise a Pantheon. To have collected all gods and symbols of the unknown in a single building of cultivated toleration, was one of the heights of intellectual progress beyond which no subsequent tide has yet risen. Let any amount of examination of European or world history be made, and this human position cannot be found surpassed. Nor is it likely that for some time to come will such a paradise of belief and conduct be again built by any civil and religious cult. Christianity has for these nearly two thousand years been busy only with the lower strata of intellectual life, as shown by the populaces never reaching the Greek thought level of which the Latins had the full benefit in practice of piety and government.

To understand what humanism means, there must be very definite conclusion that it is not exactly either the modern or mediæval devotion to

studies in Latinity. Careful examination of fossils is useful in the classification of the flora and fauna of past times, but it hardly ever tends to realising the vitalities of the individual animals or plants. What Renan calls a superficial humanism, which would educate us all to be poets, writers, preachers, and orators, to the utter neglect of the needs of material living, is one of the sham shadows of the real thing which Rome knew when she had all but unified the world. Unfortunately for man's swifter and deeper progress, her empire went to pieces, and the infantine European nations have had since to subsist on what child's food could be snatched from the tragical ignorance which allowed the Pauline Christianity to be first among the possible cultures. The Nazarene sentiment, in its purity and at first hand, was on the highest level of the best Greek humanism ; but he who was trained according to tenets of the straitest sect of the Hebrew civilisation, moulded it into the logical harshness which has stained history with some of its most inhuman incidents. It was the very life-blood of Hebraic feeling to be intolerant of other races and opinions, and the so-called apostle of the Gentiles could not rise above the racial constitution. If his world was to widen, it was never to lose those

subject to violent excommunication. There is no better proof of this narrow and inhuman tendency than the place he gave to woman in the system of which he was almost wholly the creator. In discussing what is called Christianity, the humanist never forgets to distinguish the idyllic and eternal beauty of the Nazarene visions from the cold-blooded harshness of the organisation put on mankind in its weak time by the disciple of Gamaliel. There need be no blame to Paul, because he acted according to his energetic and logically fanatical nature. The misfortune for mankind, as centuries of misery have illustrated, was that Gothic barbarism through mere physical force disintegrated humanism, and left the peoples a prey to the strongest enthusiasms near them, whether sound, unsound, or shallow. From the Ghetto of Rome, which is now as civilised or barbaric as it was in the first century, came over Europe a malaria of fanaticism that had been the world's terror and horror in Palestine for a cycle. The persecutions, to deaths of the most frightful kind, for differences in belief, were the pure result of Hebraic inoculation upon the more generous and sane European races. Young Europe, divided after the decline of the Roman empire into many states, was fit prey for the wolfish and destructive

spirit of the stiff-necked people. It was only in the time of Luther that the Teutonic spirit grew able to shake itself a little free from the Pauline serpents that had nearly strangled the life out of all the western races. Possession by devils is the most remarkable peculiarity of Hebraic constitutions, as it has always been. Being carried away with some idea, chiefly founded on undue value for self, has from time immemorial been the danger dreaded from individuals descended from Jacob. To stir the sluggishness of solid communities, there may be use in the action and presence of madmen, if but to rouse towards controlling them. The tragedy is when the real character of such enthusiasm is not discerned. Should it be worshipped, the miseries of life ravage like the fire-storms of tropical lands. It is to stand up against things like Hebraic Christianity, and perhaps the milder Mohammedanism, that is the eternal mission and honour of humanism. The contest never can close between this higher and those lower dreams of human welfare.

Humanism will never take up the poor atheistic, agnostic, or critical *rôle* of attacking her revolted slaves. A Colenso discussing figures in mythological fields is to it one of the most melancholy and useless exhibitions. Should a Caliban strive

to take his life, Prospero will not destroy but use him in his proper place. Christianity, even of the Pauline order, is not wrong in anything but that it assumed the place of master when it was by nature and practice only the servant. Indeed, in its earlier Roman exhibitions it was the slave with all the peculiarities of the servile condition. Stubbornness without reason was the terrible attitude of millions with whom humanists had to deal unsuccessfully in the first centuries. The Roman rulers knew well that slaves who gained the upper hand had no mercy, and the stories of the Catacombs have some apology from this fact. Political distress made it impossible for the most tolerant of peoples to give free scope to the wild enthusiasm of eastern origin. Though its ostensible morality was high enough to render human life of the body hardly a possible, not to say desirable thing, the instinct of practical European wisdom of the then highest type was against it as destructive of the healthy existence of humanity. It needed no brilliant Gibbon to illustrate the degradation which what has been called the new religion put upon the world's best findings in philosophy, art, and political rule.

To any seeing traveller the present ruins of


Rome has the saddest message of history to tell. It is not the first time, nor will it be the last, that the lean kine have eaten up the fat. The slime of Papal meanness is spread over all the beauty of an earlier and nobler civilisation than the Judaic. The latter fitted Gothic races better than the Greek and Roman heights of thought and action, because, being elementary, it appealed to nations in the barbaric condition. Strong arms of Goths were good for conquest; but, to their misfortune for many centuries, the serpent of alien eastern thought entwined itself fiercely around all hope of the culture best fitted to educate European nations. Luther's wild and ragged protest against the thralldom was the first slightly effective bursting of some of the hideous folds of death. Yet so crude was his dream of truth that he only threw the peoples back again into wars of instinctive selfishness. To begin society after fifteen centuries of false training might not be possible except with having a clean sweep of falsities and insufficiencies, but the German reformer was working in hopeless darkness. If his crude attempts to rescue his people out of the Judaic Egypt had only partial success, there need be no wonder, seeing that he knew little or nothing of that humanism which has always been,

and always will be, the one only saviour of European society. Let the fanaticisms of the Semitic race madden Asiatic peoples to their own religious consolation, but let them have peremptory warning back over the Teutonic and generally over the whole European borders. To see ancient classical temples with all their sanity and purity annexed into the barbarous worship of Judaic Christianity is one of the most melancholy experiences which Rome has still to show. To what heights of refined and classical life mankind might have attained centuries ago under the humanist spirit which so distinguished the Roman empire under the emperors no one can calculate.

It is easily remembered that Suetonius and Juvenal have pictured with satirical vengeance Roman high life. But the satirists were so by profession. Had not the bulk of literature been no doubt wilfully destroyed by the triumphant Jews and unhappy Goths, the picture of life might have been quite of another texture. Nerva, Trajan, Antonine, are examples of personal life to which no parallels can be given in any other time or place. Our English monarchs, even Elizabeth among them, are a pack of barbarians when put side by side with the noblest Romans. Some centuries hence, if we

conquer through the fatal superstition that has always been threatening to crush life and beauty out of us, some such grandeur of personalities may display itself among the English. Their training in ruling a wide empire of infinite religions and experiences has rationalised them into something preparatory towards the great life of humanism. Art may yet arise if the hateful devils of Arabic and Judaic destructiveness can be put under foot. Born on the sandy deserts, what cared the children of Abraham for constructive needs? Homes were naturally no more needed by them than are churches by the foxes. The daily experience was the fear of other beings of prey, as tigers fear lions; and their religions were reflexes of terror and cruelty and of false hopes of safety. Their messiahs were but embodiments of the discovery that union under a leader was the best way to defend themselves and destroy their enemies. And yet these have been the peoples to which the unfortunate Gothic nations when in their savage state listened. Roman and Greek learning was impossible for them, and they greedily swallowed the crudities of peoples who were like themselves, except in being of worse moral fibre. The Jew and Arab had no habits, having no art. Alaric and his fellows in the early

centuries did more harm to their kinsfolk by conquest than even to their enemies. Yet day by day still there are deluded creatures protesting that the decline and fall of Rome meant the good of mankind. Evil is stronger than its opposite in such cases, as the conquest of higher by lower civilisations proves. Until Europe humbly return to learn what humanism was and is, she must grovel in the slavery of alien and low culture. Through the doors of modern science the lost spirit of life may be led into the old paradise of which Greece and Rome had the entrance. This is the only true civilisation and progress. Savagery or humanism is man's thesis and choice. Through all the early, and the dark, and the mediæval ages, one thing was preparing the way for return to the heights from which such souls as Plato, Pericles, Aristotle, Cæsar, Cicero, Messala, Antoninus, and their fellows dispensed wisdom to their fellows. Modern languages as vehicles of sane thought have been slowly maturing for the expression of humanism in its highest form. Our Patti-
sons, Jowetts, Arnolds, have seen from their Pisgahs in the wilderness another land of milk and honey. But whether Heine, Marx, or Sarah Bernhardt, the new European humanism will have no guidance from any of the slaves of Egypt or savages of Arabia.



They are welcome to their virtues, but there must be no more exotic thinking to despoil the European healthy world of its sound living.

The Latinists of the early sixteenth century had clear ideas about the excessive claims of Roman Catholic or Pauline Christianity, but to express them meant to be burnt for heresy, and humanism is remarkable for nothing more than its creed that martyrdom is one of the greatest mistakes of mankind, excess of any sort being the destruction of beauty and civilisation. The love of big things that has characterised America is as foreign as the tiny efforts of a Della Cruscan to save life and art. Martyrdoms to belief, which has its very perfection in its elasticity, is complete misapprehension of the use of the faculties of thought and construction. Logic *et præterea nihil* is the standing tyrant, the Caliban, the Jack Cade, that hates all mastery and cannot itself rule for want of wisdom. An Erasmus was too well educated to throw himself as a sop to the papal Cerberus, but he and such as he could sympathise with what George Eliot has put in the mouth of Bardo, the father of Romola and a Florentine humanist of the time of Savonarola: "Talk not of monks and their legends; it is enough to overlay human hope and enterprise with an eternal frost to

think that the ground which was trodden by philosophers and poets is crawled over by those insect swarms of besotted fanatics or howling hypocrites." The late Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, has struck a still harder blow by his criticism of Cardinal Newman's unhappy attempt to revive Pauline and Petrine monstrosities for the reapplication of torture to emancipated England. Stanley acutely said of Newman that if he had known the German language Tractarianism could not have been. Skill in a kind of antiquated logic he had, but in the face of European education he could have been called, when he began his proselytism, an ignorant person. It is true that his acuteness of intellect made him a theological specialist, but he had all the narrowness, and, in short words, the inhumanity of minds absorbed by any one section of knowledge. "When he studied," says his former intimate, "it was Church history—the Fathers of the fourth century. Athanasius was his hero; he was inspired by the triumph of the Church organisation over the wisdom and philosophy of the Hellenic world; that triumph which to the humanist is the saddest moment in history—the ruin of the painfully constructed fabric of civilisation to the profit of the Church." Not only was Newman's head covered with the veil of igno-

rance then as to what had been already achieved for man's highest life, but he had the medium of university ignorance around him in which to work with the more dangerous effect. "Of the world of wisdom and sentiment, of poetry and philosophy, of social and political experience contained in the Latin and Greek classics, and of the true relation of the degenerate and semi-barbarous Christian writers of the fourth century to that world, Oxford in 1830 had never dreamt."

But such discussion of the Tractarian period and apostasy from higher light is, let it be remembered, not at all the same thing as the crass negation of dull and generally uneducated monsters, who are proud to call themselves atheists and antagonists to Christianity. As Dante said of him he scorned most in *Inferno*, the humanist says of the mechanical person who has self-educated himself in theology, on the line of having a dunce for his master, 'Let us not look upon him.' There is a life, so far as it rises, in Christianity, especially in the unadulterated and unimproved moral aphorisms and poetic parables of its founder, that never will cease to have an absolutely true civilising effect on all ages of culture. Where the stand must be taken for spiritual freedom is when Christianity, even at its best, presumes that

it is superior to poetry and philosophy. It is as if the priest should claim to be greater than the prophet, the teacher than the philosopher.

Knowledge of these facts kept Erasmus back from such action as Luther took, with disastrous enough results,—the right of peasant private judgment coming in the end to create popular sufferings to which there have not been many parallels of misery. Protestantism, which was partial good secured, turned out to be a degraded thing, not very equal to the poorest needs of general life. With the tragic runs in history at the wrong times, humanism had no chance of restoring sanity to the priest-ridden nations. The priest is confessedly the director of ceremonies for prophetic originating minds, and only woe can come if he takes it upon him to lead when he is but by nature a servant. It is pathetic to find in souls like Erasmus covert attempts to reduce the huge disease of centuries. When he is treating subjects purely scholastic, the belief cannot be hindered that he is, consciously or unconsciously, trying to expose the outrageous assumption of Hebraism, especially in its Pauline form. A good example is to be found in his *libellus* of *Ciceronianus*, published in 1528, whose first purpose was to show that sticklers for Ciceronian purity in writing Latin

had not a foot to stand upon. "Nowhere with Cicero," says he, "do we read a word of Jesus Christ, the Word of God, the Holy Spirit, or the Trinity, nor of evangel, nor evangelist, nor Moses, nor prophet, nor Pentateuch, nor psalms, nor bishop, nor archbishop, nor deacon, nor acolyte, nor exorcist, nor church, nor faith, nor the same essence of three persons, nor heresy, nor symbol, nor seven sacraments, nor baptism, nor eucharist, nor sacred unction, nor penitence, nor sacramental confession, nor contrition, nor absolution, . . . nor innumerable other words in the conversation of Christians." He asks then what the superstitious Ciceronian will do in dealing with such words. But it would take so little skill of defence for a Latin purist to meet this argument, that the real purpose of the discussion seems to be to make a flat comparison between Christianity and humanism. It could easily be answered that it was Ciceronian example on all but the new words which fresh ideas created that was contended for. Erasmus goes on with his questioning, probably in the exact spirit of Montaigne when to victim-seeking Roman Catholic inquisitors he opposed the famous '*Que sais-je ?*'—'What know I?' Rabelais followed the same style of pursuit of serious things under jocose, with, as a priest, his

head in the lion's very mouth. "For the father of Christ, will the Ciceronian say Jupiter best and greatest; for the son, Apollo or Æsculapius; for the queen of virgins (Mary) will he say Diana; for church, the sacred assembly, or state, or republic; for heresy, faction; for schism, sedition; for the Christian faith, the Christian persuasion; for excommunication, proscription, devoting to the gods, or, what may make some laugh, interdicting from water and fire; for apostles, ambassadors; for the Roman pontiff, the flamen; for the conclave of cardinals, the conscript fathers; for the general synod, the senate and people of the Christian republic; for bishops, the presidents of provinces; for the synodal law, resolution of the senate; for Christ the head of the church, Christ the highest president of the republic; for the devil, the sycophant; for the grace of God, the munificence of the deity; for absolution, manumission?" To these other Christian and Latin words are added numerous, but the humanistic purpose and value are to be found if according to the preface of his little volume serious things underlie the gaiety of the dialogue, in the translation of Christian into correspondent Latin. The comparison of the meaning of popular mythological religions is more suggestive by far than that of the language.

“Jesus Christ, the Word, and Son of the Eternal Father, according to the prophecies, came into the world, and being of his own will made man, delivered himself to death, and redeemed his Church, and averted the anger of his offended Father, and reconciled us to him, so that by grace of justifying faith, and being freed from the devil, we are admitted into the Church, and persevering thereafter in the communion of the Church, we attain the kingdom of heaven after this life,” Erasmus transforms into, “The interpreter and son of Jupiter, best and greatest preserver, king, according to the responses of the poets, came from Olympus on the earth, and having assumed the figure of a man, devoted himself to the infernal gods of his own accord, for the safety of the republic, and extinguished Jove’s thunderbolt vibrated over our heads, and regained us into favour with him, so that by the munificence of that persuasion we are received into innocence, and, freed from the domination of the sycophant, are chosen into the state, and persevering in the society of the republic, when the fates call us from this life, we may obtain the consort of the immortal gods as the sum of things.” All this is much more telling in Latin, but through the English veil it can easily be discerned that, as

Horace believed there were many heroes before Agamemnon, Erasmus knew well that many sons of deity, in different places and periods, mythologically and actually, walked their passions on earth for popular redemptions. The generosity of humanism is one with Rome's at its height of civilisation, which did not exclude from affection or tolerance all gods except of home growth or of superinduced use and wont. Why the Hebraic scheme of things should ride over all other interpretations of the universe is now and here not historically or intrinsically obvious. Its best chance of retaining a worthy place among the cultures of humanity is to accept comparison of the most exact kind. While political power was on its side, its strength was that of a giant, and its most enthusiastic supporters can hardly affirm that it did not use its chances tyrannously. Unlike the destructive criticism of agnosticism, humanism pleads for construction—in other words, human civilisation ; and it admits even Pauline, which is the lowest form of Christianity, as of some effective value in the training that has to provide for all ages and stages. It offers itself as the highest guide towards an artistic life, and is quite willing to make use of the most violent Caliban, so long as he does his natural work of hewing wood and drawing water.

Humanism can be driven out of man's lot, as has again and again happened; but let it never be forgotten that such dark ages are the eclipses of human life and the prevalence of the hordes of Inferno. When the humanities are despised and forgotten, no material or fanatical prosperities can do much more than embitter the peoples. That Greek and Latin alone were capable of rising to humanism would be but another statement of intolerance. The possibilities are with every native growing language; but, like individuals, tongues are the sport of political accidents, and the very fewest of them arrive at a really civilised literature deserving to be called humanism. Let those which have succeeded in reaching heights of thought and art take their proper place as the most heavenly and earthly guides given, and let men and women born to English have it as their noblest aim to put our language, by weight and beauty of thought, in the forefront of that eternal humanism which it is the object of all great souls to pursue through whatsoever obstructions of partial religions and broken cultures.

LETTERS TO ENGLAND.

IF the humanities cannot be enlisted to serve immediate purpose in social and political regeneration, their study in large or small quantity is fruitless. Those who consider them an affair of grammars and dictionaries may well shun such dyspeptic food. But when it is recognised that they ought to be accepted and worked as the nearest equivalent to civilisation, an altogether different value comes to the most obscure of their facts and distinctions. The one thing necessary for this appreciation is that not only knowledge of the past, but practical touch with the present, must always be available. Any nation or language can rise under favourable circumstances to a humanity or civilisation, and the most interesting of all questions is how far nationalities have arrived towards humanistic condition. First thoughts, like poles planted for indication of future elaborate survey, can have very real use, and may be able to carry their own full justification. It is with the intention of in some degree binding

the incidents and aspirations of past and present civilisations as essentially of one temper, all history being a unity, that a series of extracts from what may be called impressionist letters has been annexed for unexpected service. Agricultural and municipal appearances are as much intelligible expression as literature, and to appreciate them requires similar faculties of insight. This must give the right qualification to what details cannot pretend to be on the level of philosophical speculation.

“Calais is a ruin done in sand, its old wall and moat calling at intervals upon the historical conscience. For sandboys it were a paradise, but for most of the human family, its inhabitants excepted, it would be Hades. Why Queen Mary the Bloody kept it in her heart, or, as she said, inscribed on it, must have been from point of will. The mildest that can be said of it is, that it is not, and never could have been, beautiful. Its tremendous fortifications are now lapsing into civil uses. It is the sandiest and dirtiest, flattest and most depressing, of all sea towns or villages, though there is a dim tradition that Dickens found it congenial. To Mary the taking of Calais was the end of that English empire in France which was fought for and held during centuries. All the country north of Paris

is flat agricultural, with little or no enclosure, and the thinnest selections of whip-handle trees. Pollard willows are conspicuous, cultivated probably because of their utility in basket manufacture. The valley of the Somme is very level and dreary, and the English troops who fought at Agincourt and Crecy experienced the troubles of its marshes. Flux caught them on the eve of the former battle. A perfectly dry sleep had been impossibilities for the limbs which Shakespeare eulogised to their highest when he said they were made in England. Toiling northward to St. Valery, Boulogne, and Calais, they got into more elevated and picturesque districts. Sheep are seldom seen even on these flats, but when they occur, they are under the guardianship of shepherds coated with grey to the heels, like the coachmen of past times. Their appearance is ghostlike rather than quaint. The suggestion arises that the warriors of Agincourt may have left the pattern of the English agricultural labourers' smock-frocks, which the people of the Somme exaggerated with the usual admiration for strangers' habits. Not until Chantilly does anything like forest cheer the eyes.

“At Creil comes the sole suspicion between Calais and Paris that there may be industrialism; and here even, the signboard names of English manufacturers

remind that the French people are not familiar and competent with coal and iron. The *ouvrier* is a meagre product compared with his English brethren, and iron, pottery, and other practical daily industries have limited development. That washing vessels are still wretched in hotels throws an unpleasant light over what is likely to be the household arrangements of the poor. This principle of comparison can run through other things than earthenware. The *proletariat* is an agricultural rather than an industrial phenomenon, though the weaving of silk and the making of card-boxes, with similar worthless pursuits, are responsible for much poverty. From the quantity of building, during late years, the mason has been prominent; but building is not the sphere of the workman, as modern times, especially in England, understands him."

Residence in Paris, for purposes of university study, shortly after the fall of the Commune, gave return to it peculiar colour:—"Something of the Paris immediately subsequent to the destructive work of the Communists, the pioneers of Socialism, has inevitably gone. Whether it is that the imagination of younger days has solidified into stronger dreams of life, or that there has actually been change, the place seems less romantic than it was, clean,

beautiful, and suggestive though it is. Carlyle's pictures of revolution have quite vanished. Only with effort can hordes, unkempt, unshorn, and Hadean, be visioned surging through the better streets from the Rue St. Antoine. Not that there is call to be impressed by the Parisian quick-step in dress, manners, and everything else. On the contrary, there is only increasing knowledge of the superiority of the English nature, no matter with what criticisms Angleterre may have been favoured. With due discount of what insular deficiencies exist, the root of the matter of manhood and womanhood is in the inhabitants of the happy isles of the west, and this is worth all the sleight-of-hand of the other races, or at all events of the bright and facile French. They cannot see that the beauty of life may be sculpturesque without being salacious, a word which means the quest of nudity *per se*, as a Latin would say. The Gaul of Paris goes the way of the defects of the quality of virtue in old Rome, with a gusto which proves his inadequacy for anything but temporary superiorities in civilisation. The German, though in some respects barbarian, is an infinitely more hopeful being. There need be no wonder that England is held by on philosophical principles. Better be without art than French art. But there is reason for

grieving that the noble western islands have hitherto heard so little the voice of beauty urging them to claim their own. The *Venus de Melos* in the Louvre, for all the Greek glories, seems too fat-faced, though dignified enough, a beauty to represent such womanhood as is in the west. This may be heresy, but it ought to be easily pardonable because of the hopefulness that the poets and sculptors of England will find a higher, not only than the French, but the Greek kingdom. Why should such a master as Ruskin have been wearing his strength away in the devotion he has had to Tintoretto, Titian, and others, when his soul is nobler than theirs in all essential respects? But he has proved himself one of Nature's first nobles, and whosoever shall be lost, he is safe in the future kingdom. But care must be taken about futures. The present is at least part, and he has his front-seat in it. Of the stolen, strayed, and bought treasures of art in the Louvre, the few pictures of Leonardo da Vinci and the many of Rubens are the most noticeable things. If there is anywhere a possibility of imagining the Netherlander's fleshy figures heroic and artistic, it would be in the Parisian gallery."

Leaving for Lyons and the Mediterranean, "the wall of Paris is seen in low-lying rather huddled ground, and one of the outside forts comes into view.

Up the valley of the Seine it is flat and marshy, but always cultivated. Thoughts arise of Cæsar marching over the land, and of Labienus, his lieutenant, who reached this river in his dealings with the Parisii. Its light-green hue is very attractive, the width being generally a good stonethrow. 'Beautiful France' is hardly a misnomer, though great stretches are as level as a board. The soil is cultivated with care, but, as a rule, few people are to be seen in the fields. Those who appear seem worn creatures. Agricultural peasantry, even of the proprietor kind, does not look as if quite the solution of human happiness. There are villages here and there with long diced parallels, like those of a draught-board, occupied by very small farming of vegetables. But the greatest part by far of the face of the country is portions of land of some acres with a meagre one-storied house, and whitewashed poor cottages scattered about on no particular plan. There are no hedges or enclosures, and this with the strips of different colour of all sizes gives at once a sense of beauty and poverty. White dusty roads without hedges or wall go on straight for miles, monotony seldom relieved even by a poplar. In the winter and spring, when the trees have no foliage, the truth that France is not well wooded is very apparent.

Willows, the poor man's trees because easy of propagation, are common. They are pollarded in the early part of the year for the raising of young sprouts from the ungraceful stumps. Tile or thatch forms the roofs of the cottages. There are many young plantations for fuel and other purposes. Indeed, all the trees that are to be seen have a juvenile appearance, most of them being only four or five inches in diameter. Women are seen outside in the fields more than men. It is true that in Paris itself, the Celtic way (all over the world, whether in France, Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, or wherever else the race congregates) of putting as much toil as possible on women can be discerned. The Celtic woman must be relatively stronger in mind and body than the man, or she is more obedient, or more naturally inclined to physical exercise than her Saxon fellow. It may be that the elementary condition of agriculture causes the preponderance of women outside. Ploughing and harrowing are done sometimes by yokes of four oxen, though more usually by middle-sized and small horses, the majority of which are white in colour. The number of white horses in Paris is phenomenal, and this fact is only the corollary of their prevalence in rural districts, whence the supply comes. The

cemeteries near the villages are often very neat and regular, but the Christian religion in its Roman Catholic shape obtrudes the horrid spectacle of a skeleton-like huge cross at one end of these enclosures. True art shudders at the display of such scarecrows of crucifixes, and the opposite of religious effect is their popular consequence. As well have gallows and criminals hanging in chains by the roads again as this primitive barbarity. The facility of Paris has not overcome the monstrosity. Inside churches it might not be remarkable, but the law courts glorify the most hideous of all symbols of pain. Under open skies it is an outrage, its very symbolism, with what hints it may have, being totally degraded.

“About Sens, eighty miles from Paris, the vine country begins. It is hilly at this place with a chalk substratum. In the side of the hill over the village there is a cave cut with regular doors. The slopes are patched in spring with roots of vines waiting summer to give them foliage. Their supporting sticks are about two feet in length, having the look of miniature hop-poles. The rows stand one foot and a half apart. Vine plots mix with ordinary farming, but the sides of the hills, by their better exposure to the sun, are specially reserved for

vine culture. Every colour of soil is seen within short distances, but the prevailing hue is that of a very white dry clay. All possible lines of cultivation are followed, so that patchwork is not nearly a descriptive enough word for the universal order in disorder of the fields. A curious effect is the almond trees when in blossom among the vine furrows. The farmhouse, like the middle-sized homes of the Lothians, appears now and again. Of chateaux there are next to none, the eye being nowhere relieved by such beautiful objects in wooded surroundings as the castles and mansions of Britain and Ireland. Were it not that the divisions of the soil being numerous suggests otherwise, the country does not seem to be populated enough. With Celtic gregariousness and love of speech, the farmers live in villages, and thence, often at considerable distance, cultivate their sections. This explains the general openness, not to say solitary character, of most of the land. About fifty homes jumbled together form the farmers' village. The British farmer would not willingly exchange his lot in life with that of the crofter and cotter of France, for they can hardly be much better than such. His pride is to live alone in the centre of his farm, as his landlord likes to be near the centre of the estate. But the population

of France as a whole have more comfort than that of England. After passing over many miles of soil cultivated on the little system, the productiveness of this beautiful but often tame land can be understood, and the secret of the large national revenue is disclosed.

“It is easy to guess how conquerors, from Cæsar to the Emperor of Germany, found it a mild task to run over these immense flat spaces. Each day’s journey was exactly like the previous. Cæsar described the cornfields on which he subsisted his troops much as Napoleon might have done. Railways are the only new thing. Workers with blue blouses in the fields or elsewhere are as to dress the aristocrats, and a choice for preference in this respect might be in favour of the ancient warlike Gaul. Overcoming the Nervii was much the same sort of enterprise as conquering their descendants in the late war, the result in both cases depending most on effectiveness of weapons. The charm of the beginning of a Roman campaign in some sunshiny day of spring can be felt even at this distance in time. But as there is enough of marsh still to be kept right for cultivation by the farmer, the walking nineteen hundred years and more ago was probably worse than now. Commissariat then depending

much on ripe corn in the fields, the hardships of fighting in the early months must have been with such difficulties of feeding as to dispel the natural pleasantness of seeing new country.

“If there were ancient forests in France, most of them have not left a wrack behind. What tree districts there are have nothing antique or imposing about them. Trees of England’s feudal seats throw the mind much farther back into the mysteries of antiquity. Though their largest boles may not count to a couple of centuries, they at least help to realise the grandeur of age, while French trees in their slightness give as weak an impression as an incipient beard does of manhood. Poplars may be allowed to be everywhere, but there is not a tree to love. The everywhere must be modified from the plain reading. They are not to be avoided, being always somewhere in groups or rows on the landscape, but their really small quantity is also an absolute fact. An English valley or a Scottish pass has more tree growth than a French department, though, or perhaps because, wood is largely the ordinary fuel. In the valley of the Somme near Abbeville, peats are collected out of the riverside bog.

“Beyond Tonnerre, 130 miles from Paris, the villages turn still more claylike of colour, and the wonder

becomes what the landscape painter of the north-east of France can do for want of subject. Millet has done much with little means, but even he would fail to give a human interest to such dreary scenes. Were it not for the south of France, a theory might be established that painters have been thrown too much into Parisian personalities of figure by the poverty of scenic subjects in Nature. Of Nature in the original sense of the word there is little or none, so busy a creature is the peasant. There are very few towns, villages of some hundred inhabitants being the usual experience. The population may be called third-class, and as tariffs on such always pay best, the national revenue becomes large. Towards Dijon the country greatly improves in appearance, the valleys commanded by long ranges of grey rocky heights, on which villages are sometimes built. Fir trees are also in the landscape. Houses rise higher than the usual one storey. This part is not unlike the Downs of Sussex near Lewes and Brighton. The vine is less cultivated than other farming. Except the tops of the ridges, which are thinly wooded, all is under cultivation. Blaisy-Bas is the centre of an almost beautiful region. The rare sight of an old castle is met with, built on a ragged crag in a picturesque situation, with a village on a ridge-like

esplanade that joins the ruin. Vine cultivation is very much followed, the vineyards being full of people of both sexes. The scenery is not unlike some of the less famous places in the Highlands of Scotland, with the drawback of paucity of trees. Little chapels in sequestered corners and the more varied country suggest approach toward Switzerland, of which these parts are mild miniature. Plombières, with its broad flat valley of vines, its meandering stream, and rounded heights, recurs to the French style. From Dijon to Macon the scenery still improves, the neighbourhood of the Alps affecting the dull level which is the rule.

“At Lyons the general effect is almost theatrical, the fine Rhone flowing between two stately slopes terraced with streets and separate villas. To romantic Provence there could be no better introduction than this city gives. At Avignon the charm of tropical growth is very strong, and though before reaching Marseilles there are stretches of country chiefly of white barren bare rocks, wherever a little earth is foliage springs up. The single house or box with no or small chimney begins to be prevalent in vine districts of hilly country. There is one considerable range of very rocky hills of some height. To Toulon vegetation increases in luxuriance. Thence

the beautiful and picturesque Riviera is entered, where poetry has as natural a home as anywhere in the world, if judged from external appearance. A country of red rocks, of every conceivable height and shape, on the border of the blue Mediterranean, it is in one sense as poor as the traditional poet; but in the luxuriant growth which the sun and the people contrive to produce almost without soil, it has the poetic creativeness which makes greatest beauty out of nothing. The views of islands and coast near Cannes, with the sun, and sea, and rock, and tree for magicians in form and colour, are extremely beautiful. Crowded with leaves, Frejus, famous in Bonapartean history, is a gardened spot. Indeed, the whole district reminds of the hothouse and high-gardening rather than of the ordinary world. These places have only the French spirit in name, their peculiarities being of entirely different kind from middle and northern France. No grass anywhere, and stones and red and grey clay everywhere; but so all-present is growth of every kind and size of trees, that the original nakedness of the land is more than covered.

“Towards Monaco the hills, at their tops bare precipices, grey and weather-beaten, strike the attention. If enthusiasm is in the nature at all, it will have full scope in the surroundings of this paradise of a prin-

cipality, beautiful as a gem cut out for delight, and glorified with all the colouring powers of sun and sea. Passing high above the border of the Mediterranean, one can see the water deepen from blue into purple, till near the margin the sea becomes a mosaic of green, black, blue, yellow, of so solid and shining an appearance that it would seem no miracle if he could walk on this perfect floor of gem. To repeat description of the coast at its best moments is quite useless, because imagination will only gather false impressions from words. The mind may possibly picture something very glowing; but it will not be the combination of bareness, riches, growth, sunshine, heights, depths, nooks, salt water, and prospect that is the pride of Monaco and its neighbourhood on every side. One strange effect is that the precipitous mountains are so immediately overhead of the little peninsula, with its fortress and houses, it is impossible to be sure whether they threaten destruction to the inhabitants, or are for kindest protection. Reason discovers the latter to be the case, but the imagination, in its love for sublimities and the strange, will not forego the tragic impression.

“Of the gaming life that haunts this Eden, nothing need be said but that as extremes meet in all human

experience they are here too. Happiness and bitterest sorrow were in the first garden, and are likely to be in all human gardens till the end of time. If the gambling children have no way of exercising the demon of chance with which they are possessed, let them not be grudged the music of natural surroundings to soothe their Hadean misery. But this drop to cool the tongue from theatrically effective scenery is after all of the smallest effect, men and women devotees of the god Chance having no heart except for one kind of colours. You Puritan politicians and *religieux*, leave them alone. It is surely a better kind of madhouse than a Bethlehem. Your wisdom is often foolishness except for yourselves. The needs of nature are numerous, and intellect small or great finds best its own fields. A fool can be wise sometimes by accident, and Monte Carlo will give at least this satisfaction at intervals to the dullest, greediest creature on earth. Man or woman, let them have their outlet, till they find it is *cul de sac* or worse for them. There are tragedies everywhere, and why should this kind of industry not also have them? A coal-mine will murder its hundreds of a morning, and let a Monte Carlo have its suicides at intervals for general help and special warning.

“But thence to the freshness and more natural

variety of kindly Mentone, with its lofty hill ranges carefully shielding its double bay from the northern Alpine winds. At intervals along this coast gaps in the sea-shore ranges show white tops of the Alps, and remind of the bitterness of cold never far away; but this town nestles quite safely before its high background, in sweet communion with the tideless Mediterranean, streaked with lines of beauty, the far sea-horizon being its last containing bluest margin. Except for the white dust that flies like whirlwind over all the roads and streets of the Riviera to Genoa, anything more ideal in the real might not be desired. Dry rivers suggest freshets for contrast, and poor peasantry have the contrast of gaiety in colour. There is nothing troublesome here that has not its corresponding crowning advantages. Orange groves and vineyards, olives and eucalyptus trees are as refreshing to the eyes as they are to the imagination in contemplating what comforts come from their cultivation. The Provençal poets had a world of beauty for their eternal theme had they chosen, though the knight and his lady were oftenest the inspiration of their verse."

A second appreciation of an enchanting land may not be too much:—

"On the Riviera *coup* after *coup* of natural and

artificial scenery compel into what may be called insular silent exclamation. The loveliness and sublimity of the Eze, Monaco, and Mentone districts, with the luxurious still Mediterranean in front, surpass expectations. It was at Lyons that the first hint came of this Provençal country, fit birthplace of poets. A mesmeric land, so variedly poetic, and yet to the practical eye as poor as the singers are said naturally to be, Provence is one of the wonders of creating all things out of nothing. There are no grass, no soil, no standing, without to say cultivating, room—only red, yellow, and grey rocky hills; yet the sun conjures verdure out of the merest handfuls of brown or grey earth. How the white-painted walls and terra-cotta roofs delight the eyes! A continual rivalry goes on harmoniously between the exhibitions of natural scenery (much of which is as if done with the brush steeped in yellow, grey, or sand colour), and the frequently haggard, romantic, claylike peasantry houses, as well as the show palaces of more exotic character. In the early clear dawn some doubt was felt as to the superiority of the Mediterranean over northern seas; but when the sun rose and showed long white streaks lining the blue, the truth grew clear. The silence of its unrippled edge beside the red rocks was a peculiar

sensation, as if this sea had gone to sleep for ever. Moving on its brink and overlooking at deep distance the water beneath, it assumes a solidity as if it could be walked upon without miracle. Deep green, with artistic patches of the most intense purple, made it a floor of exquisite device, and not an expanse of salt water. It is in the early morning that the beauty is to be realised which sea and sun and sky can together create. In the spring, blue is not the general hue, but a delicious living vivid grey. The bays show feasts of colour. The islands in front of Cannes are dark jewels in the silver casing of morning's display. Could anything palliate high living and plain thinking, it is the charm of the surroundings of the Hôtel d'Italie, Mentone. The sun shines with a softness as of pathos. 'You lost northerner, have you ever had experience of anything so sweet in all your life as the cool heat I can favour you with in spring?' Apollo seems to say. But northerners keep their head, and ask him in return if he continues to preserve so perfect a balance of emotion as then, or whether he has not the violence sometimes which has haggardised and paled all things to the artistic hues they have. In the green happy isles of the west have not the inhabitants emerald grass, and summer and autumn

times fit for the gods ? What a theatrical and yet truly pictorial effect Monaco and Monte Carlo give. But every place has its individual beauties, and Mentone is gayer than expectation, hills more impressive, and the whole *entourage* on the larger scale. Writing for hours, it could only be one long celebration of Provençal peculiar scenery of vine, orange groves, aloes, firs, blue-gums (those bark-stripped anomalies), palms, and endless growths everywhere, grass excepted."

The next section of interest ended at Genoa, "which is not far within the land of the goatherd and vineyard and olive. What strikes are sombre olives everywhere, black mountains, grey-slated creamy-coloured houses, and palaces painted like gala-days. The palaces are beautified in a way that could be spared, by flying garments put out to dry at every window ; and the glimpses to be got inside raise doubt as to the social quality of palatial inhabitants in Italy. Mules, three in a row, with bells attached to them, pulling their narrow carts to the music or din, are a feature ; and another is the scrambling of children for coppers thrown from passing trains into the sea. Energy and success of retrieving reach their ultimate in this form of early Ligurian talent. There is no mistaking the superior

physique of the Italians to the French. They are not half so demonstrative, and their happiness with each other is apparently very genuine. To think of them being descended from the heroic Romans, and yet they may be obscured but worthy descendants. Poverty is never far away, for all their brilliancy. Those ruined cots among the vineyards hint the difficulty that it is to live in classic lands. One of the noticeable things is how like their work the Italian navvies are, seeming to enjoy the spade with as much eager competence as the legions of Cæsar did in forming their nightly numerous camps. At Genoa the sensation of marble houses and streets is felt, wide cornices which almost meet overhead compelling a grateful shade."

At Pisa "the top of the leaning tower gave delight of giddiness, and also remembrance of Galileo's experiments. The pictures in the beautiful cathedral seem, as the chief buildings of this characteristic city, to be exempted from the consequences of age. Five or six centuries have not had the power of changing a chisel-mark, and English experience causes disappointment at the apparent newness of what should for romantic purpose be ruinous. In the most arcaded and varied street a vision of the best type of Italian

beauty, more beautiful than a youthful Madonna, almost paralysed the vision with wonder; but no more of that 'dark-eyed girl of Pisa.' "

"The solemnities of Rome drew to St. Peter's Church at high festival. The usual antiquated but charming services were going on to Christian perfection. It was a relief to go soon away to the ruined Forum, the Colosseum, and their extraordinary surroundings, especially on the Palatine Hill, of imperial palaces and other works of old times. The arches and pillars of detached kinds are very suggestive, but the black mud-heap in the Forum, which is named the Temple of Vesta, gives the most pathetic of first impressions. A kind of melancholy of the sweetest kind follows conversance with these modern peoples in the face of their long stories of existence. Even the wisest and the gravest of them, men and women, are the perfectly incarnate satire of human life. Yet they each and all live in their little kingdom, whether of a vineyard or a bishop's church, oblivious of the sentence of capital punishment (as Dr. Holmes called the close of the divine comedies) passed on every one of us. These lovely marbles, which seem so soft in mental feeling, are the only compensation sufficient for the transitoriness that is the under-song of

all the seeing. How friends and their tried affection become dear after such Dantean vision of modern life, amazing the soul like a fine mesmerism or pleased but quite safe frenzy !”

“ On Sunday afternoon there was a three hours’ drive along the Appian Way and back to Rome’s Allemagne Hotel. There were seen the Catacombs ; the Campagna, in full sunshine ; Soracte, Horace’s (in winter) snow-covered mountain, on a horizon composed of a distant circle of the bluest hills ; the tombs of old Romans built to great size, beside the straight narrow Appian ; troops of Italianoes returning from their church-feast to their fields miles out of Rome (reminding of ancient agrarian tumults), most of them with brigand written on their brown handsome features, as was said and perhaps over-said ; women with every colour of the rainbow all over them, and most with the corset outside as chief ornament ; the Jews in the Ghetto, where Paul’s friends when he was at Rome lived, and where, like herrings in a barrel, their descendants are now, with exactly the same qualities of fertility, sordidness, and bargaining of the strange persistent race ; the Capitol, to which the Gauls climbed to surprise the Roman sentinels of its garrison and were betrayed by the cackling of geese, sacred to this people hence-

forth; the Tarpeian rock, whence condemned criminals were thrown down to the death, now in a garden, to see which $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. is paid when it might be cheap at £100 to a strong imagination, though the precipice is by no means very high, even not high enough for its tragic purpose; and, to put an end to this intolerably long catalogue, the market-gardens, fountains, and modern palaces, the last as numerous as the leaves of Vallombrosa were not, having been indeciduous. It was pleasure indeed to find that the noblest monument on the Appian Way was to a Roman lady of ordinary family—the proof of the knowledge the Roman civilisation had of its highest products. One thing must not be forgotten, as to how natural the posture of women at Rome is at their windows with the arms softly placed on the window-sills, like Rossetti's *Blessed Damosel* in picture. It is the explanation where the clever artists got the divine ease for their sacred ladies, which might have been, and was, imagined to have come from their own divine imagination. On the Corso or principal street, where promenading has its paradise, either rank of houses has such figures; but in the less fashionable streets it is still more common to see this Madonna ease of married and unmarried damosels."

A query from England about the Temple of Vesta, already spoken of as a mud-heap, was, "Is not that the place of which Horace wrote—

Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta regis
Templaque Vestæ?"

But although the Tiber's waters are said to have washed the site of the Forum, where the Temple of Vesta mentioned is, Horatius meant the round-pillared temple still in good preservation on the southern bank of the tawny river.

Some experiences at Naples had this expression : —"Mount Vesuvius was climbed, and its burning fires were seen, so to say, face to face. Four made up a cavalry corps, and at the gallop the fiery little horses departed from the *alberga* or hotel of Pompeii, never stopping till three-quarters of the height was attained, at a distance of five or six miles. Thereafter there was nothing but to clamber through black silt and rocky lava to the top, and steeper declivity or harder toil could not be desired. The mountain is higher than Snowdon, being 3880 feet, and the rain falling in blustering torrents, and the pockets of mackintoshes and greatcoats full of stones from Pompeii, there was, with the rarefied

air also to contend against, the strongest test of physical endurance. At the top the volcano was so active that the crater was a mass of black smoke, through which explosions like the rumbling of distant cannon were going on. But there was one of the rarest treats imaginable for reward to the perseverance. The day before a lava stream had burst fresh out of the summit, and was running down the slope like a small river of red-hot metal, of a colour somewhat richer and deeper than gold. This stream, though so full as always to be higher in the centre than at the sides, flowed somewhat slowly, as a viscous substance does. The cold makes hard edges to it, as if to keep it from spilling all over the mountain. Steps were taken warily over black, hot, but hard-baked ridges of lava, with red boiling metal and sulphur between them, till with walking sticks enough golden lava was taken for a memorial out of the metal river, and cooled at some distance with hissing wine, a copper coin being imbedded in each glowing piece of liquid. The *suppositi ignes* of Horace were far surpassed in danger by those fields of fire which had their sublimity in a pouring river. Boots were on return to Pompeii found scalded to uselessness. A glacier crevasse is nothing to a fire one for thoughts of dread or needs of courage. In 1884

and in 1834 there were similar lava ulcers, the guide said, and the results of them were seen in great hollows of the hill being filled with large crusted breadths of black rock-lava. The hardening surface confined the metal from reaching the villages. The stream exhausting and the cold gaining ground, stopped the dangerous processes those times. For some days Vesuvius had been toiling ominously within and without. Wanderings through Pompeii and Herculaneum made the thought arise with startling vividness that tragedy may again occur.

“ On humanitarian principles, it is to be hoped that there shall be no repetition of catastrophe, though what has been called providential judgment might have less deserving objects than the Neapolitans, who have long had the name of being the most Hadean people in Europe. Easy is the descent of Avernus, locally or spiritually, to these descendants of a Greek colony. But they are not so bad as they were under the rule of the Bourbons, when the *lazzaroni* or idlers, who numbered many thousands, would stab any one in the back for the commission of five francs, without haggling for higher price, which is a madness in the Italian blood. The government of the Teutonic House of Savoy has all but entirely swept away those lazy barbarians, who used to live

nearly *al fresco* on the seashore. Survivals are still to be seen in the big swarthy young fellows with no hats, a ribbon with the Madonna patroness saint round their necks, and trousers only to the knee, the feet being bare. But such as these must now give exact account to the police of how they live. As to filth and disease, especially cholera, the wonder is that an hour of such life as the streets exhibit does not breed whole armies of illnesses in full accoutrements for immediate destruction. Habits of personal necessity, such as monkeys alone would feel no shame about, are attended to, not only in sight within the open doors and windows, but outside in the open streets; the management of the hair in particular being quite public, not to say offensive, to passing inspection of the foreigner or traveller. In the valuable reformation that is going on, the veto on keeping swine in the street houses has, in the first instance, intensified insani-tarian goatish miseries. Half the Italian population seem to depend on market-gardening, and the refuse through the thoroughfares used to be kept under subjection by the terrible pig that was domestic in the literal sense. Looking in at the wide shop-doors, of the Eastern fashion, there is to be seen, to take one example of thousands similar, perhaps

a shoemaker with hens, parrots, dogs, cats, goats, donkeys, and all other creatures, productive or ornamental, about him where he works, sleeps, and eats; his barbaric family wallowing in the odours (some of the food flavours being, notwithstanding all this, richer than in the nobleman's palace, especially as to one sort of fish-cake, to eat which the wealthy come secretly), with a contentment that surely cannot but be the sunnier side of the chronic settled despair of a wretched people. The marks of the Asiatic, too, who is really only at home in the open country and the deserts, where sanitation looks after itself, are distinct in Naples. White, green, and carmine, the prevailing colours of the city, have not the expression of the European soul. It would not be far wrong to put it as the boundary of the practical western spirit, though the present dynasty may recover it, through the better portion of its ethnological mixture, for the right civilisation. The scenery is beautiful exceedingly; the nobler and richer portion of the people are handsome, the women often extremely lovely; but the population generally are as dirty, woe-begone, dusty, and hopeless a people as might be expected in the immediate neighbourhood of Lake Avernus. Return to Rome was restoration to comparative calmness

and sanity of brain, after the huge nightmare of that gay-sad city which grandly embraces the most beautiful bay of the Mediterranean, and that has a smoking black Vesuvius beside it as a continual preacher of death and of the little lives of human beings.

“Than Pompeii, as a Latin book in stone, nothing could better show to imagination and learning the average Roman life at its best period. Its frescoes and floors are treasures to every artist of life and literature. The rooms shut to some travellers have not anything new to disclose to the humanist, neither does he get the prurient shock characteristic of the shallow evangelist, who runs to his own quick conclusions. The proof would hold rather that, as an ordinary, perhaps third-rate, city of seaside pleasure, Pompeii might be equal for beauty of living with any similar city of whatsoever civilisation. There was a Lupanaria in it; but the state direction which compelled to one part of a town those whom no training could moralise, is of exactly the same character and purpose with the severer segregation in prisons of those who commit crime. Every Latin town solved the question of license in this way, and it is not clear that moderns have improved on their method. The Priapine symbols, of which visitors who are poorly read and trained speak with bated

breath, were as free from immoral suggestion to the average Roman as the bare skin is to the Hindoo. There is now more vice in Naples, Paris, or perhaps in London, than there was in probably all the Roman towns at the time of the destruction of Pompeii. Anything blinder than the foolish inferences that have been drawn from the excavated walls and streets of this model town has not troubled thinkers and true readers of history and life. But the subject of the message from the grave, so to speak, of this doomed place, would require large scope for full interpretation.

“England is joyful at its worst compared with some Italian cities; and yet these southerners with their sun, if only producing lemons and oranges, have not the pressure at intervals, such as that of winter, which our poor endure. But there is a hopelessness for poverty here that does not exist in England. The only brightness to the cloud of centuries’ prolongation is from constitutional government, but a kind of infinite pity for the whole race haunts like a demon or angel the thinker in such scenes. If some Promethean fire from heaven rather than the volcanic fire from moral hell could be got for these sad creatures—real art of life rather than of picture, house, and statue!

“There was some beauty in Christianity, but it is

practically dead in Italy. Popes and cardinals were the proprietors around Rome, and absolutely created the wilderness of the Campagna and much of the Maremma; churchmen (having no children, and indulging in spite to successors) letting all improvements alone till agrarian prosperity died. Europe's best soil is the pest-home of malaria through nothing but clerical indolence and jealousy. Nor was their greed much of an improver of popular affairs. One pope stocked the Pontine Marshes with an evil but fruitful kind of fish, and it was excommunication for the citizens of Rome to buy any other, because not produced on the papal property. Monopoly and bad food could no further be driven. Corn-laws were silken threads to this sort of iron chains. King Humbert is working on his country's problems of comfort like a true artist in life, and the more so that he allows his statesmen to be the immediate artists. These beautiful but ghostly open-grave churches, full of art that has no real power—anything more pathetic to the clear seer is not on this troubled but attractive and always hopeful earth. The schools where the education is not only free, but where also good food is provided, form one of the renovatory processes now at work for the benefit of this most interesting of all peoples."

“What Rome can tell to the eyes does not take long to learn. Imagination has a freer kingdom than reality in wandering through ancient brick and marble remains. Time has almost engulfed the civilised features of the buildings of the great Romans. It was Roger the Norman who finally wrecked the old city, leaving the Forum, with its temples and courts, the Colosseum, and the palaces of the Cæsars in the ruined state excavation has disclosed them. There is a disconcerted feeling about Rome, especially in respect to its ruins. Bricks about one and a half inches thick and seven or eight broad and long are the common material of the ancient buildings. There is a variation of bricks four inches square, as they appear to the eye in the walls, set diamond-wise. Add round dead arches numerous, and the architectural effects are catalogued. The exception to this is that the senate-house and temples had solid marble pillars surrounding the inner brick buildings, which were sometimes cased with marble slabs. For picturesque and venerable effect, a British castle not a third of the age surpasses any of the ruins of Rome. The Sacred Way was roughly paved with large blue stones, not nearly so well laid down as the streets of the provincial town of Pompeii. This famous path led through

the Forum up to the Capitol, and the triumphs of generals were celebrated along its course. The Colosseum is at its other end. The then whole world's actual ruling and playing centre would not fill very much more than Trafalgar Square, London. The habit of building houses to any height on the slopes around the Forum cannot compel the conclusion of great magnitude for the working heart of the empire of the gowned race. Not that size is of essential importance. Greater delight comes from the small restrained temples about the Forum constructed on Greek principles than from the huge Byzantine basilicas, or from the oval of the Colosseum, built under the later Roman instinct for size. Byron's heroics about the Colosseum were, if not absolutely false, only the greenness of a generous boy. There is not a single trait of human artistic charm about the place, except the room that implies serviceableness. It is just such a thing as the national spirit of America might set about doing. The necessity of providing for the large population of Rome was the sole *fons et origo* of the crude pile. That there are now grand silence and awe in the wide ellipse open to the sky, cannot, nor need, be denied ; and the suggestion of butchering men and beasts for Roman holiday gives it a human interest perhaps too much

dwelt upon. A new face altogether should be put on the popular dream about this four-storeyed conglomerate of styles without style, except the bald geometrical elliptic. The gardens where Nero is said to have utilised Christians, well enclosed with tallow and pitch, as lights for his artistic world, are in the immediate neighbourhood, as well as those which the Roman empresses and ladies of power used to visit at night, for worship according to the rites of Venus of the grove.

“If the imagination were allowed to run free on the ancient glory of this city, the head would grow dizzy with an admiration wholly worthy. But everything is so slimed over by the vileness and stupidity of the Papacy’s doings, that distress beyond words is the feeling which grows permanent. A fine temple of Greek beauty has a few of its pillars annexed for porch to some hideous Byzantine church, or an accursed Pope Sixtus, four or five hundred years ago, sets up his imitations of triumphal ancient Roman arches or his barbaric fountains, till indignation would as a whirlwind drive the lover of civilisation from this whole entanglement of the different periods and persons. It is sad beyond words to find lesser minds putting their miserable attempts upon the real doings of a nobler kind of

intellect. The decline of a people is the most frightful of all pictures; and Christianity being, like Mahomet's coffin, neither in heaven nor on earth, has had, especially as represented by the Papacy, little grip of fact and truth, with the consequence of sham and pretence mixing everywhere with its doings in building and all other art. Its St. Peter's Church cannot compel the statement that it is really a great thing, though Christianity's greatest.

“Every step through Italy raises in the mind more hope for England, which may produce art freest yet ever seen from the trail of serpent barbarisms. If some one with a certain construction of brain were but born in the happiest island of the west, glory would arise to a perfection never yet but scratched at by any of the previous nations. Romans or Greeks have their superiors to come. The savagery of the Eastern deserts is to be met with in the finest efforts of their arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting. Higher realisations of artistic delight may be before the eyes, but they cannot browbeat into total acquiescence, because they are still far from the top standard of human power. Michael Angelo's picturing in the Sistine Chapel, with its unification of all the prophetic sibylline symbols of highest manhood and womanhood of every time and race, is a gigantesque

cosmopolitan piece of glory that goes far to satisfy ; but there cannot be entire happiness even in its presence. Nor does Raphael gain on the soul as much as wished. In contemplation of the grand old river as dun or grey (it can hardly be distinguished which) as the clay which is its continuous bed, there have been most rest and satisfaction. The Tiber, vigorous as a racehorse, is the Tiber of the scholar's dream, the *flavus fluvius* of Horace. But every one must leave Rome trailing clouds of glories, as far as personal memories can be such. Life is enriched beyond expectation. 'See Naples and die,' is much more applicable to Roma. 'See Rome and live,' is the motto worth loving hereafter.

In Rome, beside St. Peter's columns, come
Soft clouds of wonder at what life can be :
Is this of faith a centre and a sum ?
And can there be no more than here we see ?

The brain of Christianity worked here,
And this encircling colonnade spread hands
Of freedom for believers' craven fear,
Till life was not the terror which disbands.

If kindness is the cause of all such work,
It needs a blessing from the strongest heart ;
But all among the Roman ruins lurk
Protests against the pride of lower art.

That dome is to Pantheon but a toy,
Those crowds of priests are out of time and use,
The Hebrew gallows has outworn all joy :
Will life return again from woe's abuse ?

A blot of varied colour, and no more,
Is all this Christian beauty of past time
On wiser days, when men stood out and bore
The truth of things, if love or pain or crime."

"The noble old Tiber has risen to its inundation stage. From its bridges it can be watched hurrying in swift whirling eddies with a power worthy of its fame. The lower streets of Rome are flooded so much that no one can get within the Pantheon, water surrounding it on every side. If this difficulty were permanent, it would be no loss, because the venerable and all but complete pile is converted from its original purpose of welcoming in the Augustan age the gods of all religions, to celebrating the passion of the Hebrew youth, born some score or so of years after Agrippa founded it. Passion is the right word so far as it means poetic power. Strange are the feelings in looking on this round building with its red granite pillars for portico when the thought comes that it is of about equal age with Christianity.

"It is among the Trans-Tiberian people on the

north side of the river that the blood of the old Romans is purest, especially discernible by the finely aquiline noses, the women giving hints of what an Augustan lady was. Though often exceedingly poor, they are more naturally dignified than the inhabitants on the city side of the river. Compared with the Neapolitans, the Romans are as the English to the French. But there are frequent illustrations of the love of fun deep in the Roman nature, for all the usual gravity. This is an example. Above the bridge at Fort Angelo two blue-coated brass-buttoned soldiers got into a small boat, in which they rowed standing at their full height, and no matter for the danger of the rushing river, which was in high flood, kept hunting two white ducks up and down the sedgy bank, with half of young, if not old Rome also, struggling for vantage-ground to see the, to them, intensely amusing duck-hunt. Cool northerners wonder at such excitement as this about nothing, barring perhaps the element of danger to the perspiring hunters."

"'The rain it raineth every day,' has been the rule, yet much can be always done. Greyer skies (with continual dropping when not pouring) than England's has Italy's been recently, but no doubt

there will be a revenge of hot weather. King Humbert drives about the streets in the simplest possible fashion, often with one companion, and nothing but ordinary modern dress, quite familiar with his people. His eldest son shows himself similarly in the Corso at frequent intervals. It is of some interest to compare present rulers with the more heroic, or apparently so, of the past in famous localities. The house where Keats died has a pathetic interest, and the emotion it raises may draw the steps to his grave and Shelley's in the Protestant cemetery. But as no one ought to be a hero-worshipper in the sense of cultivating the dead (for the dead must bury their dead), the visit may be deliberately put aside. The cloud of memories this great place puts over the mind's sky is almost oppressive to the physical breathing, so there must be escape away for self-preservation. The *Venus of the Capitol* and the *Dying Gladiator* will complete all that is useful to see of the ancient art wrecked on these shores of time. At the Vatican the *Apollo Belvedere*, the *Ariadne*, the *Jupiter*, the *Laocoon*, and other high arrivals, gave what joy they could on the unchanging principle of relative knowledge and sympathy. The marble shines like ivory, and has a degree of translucency which for ever distances unspeakably the most suc-

cessful plaster casts, which nevertheless act usefully, as translations do for noble poems."

"The weather has changed magically, leaving complete opportunity for the explorer. The walls of Rome were reached on foot in two opposite directions; a panoramic view, picturesque as a scholar's dream, was got from the Aventine Hill (within the city, but almost free from houses), especially of the curving Tiber and its bridges, one of which has been left by a flood with only three stone arches, the broken part now supplied with iron; while the pyramid of Caius Sestius, in a deserted part of what was ancient Rome, reminded of the world travel of the imperial race and of a thousand things beside. The beautiful elevated grounds of the Pincio form in miniature the scene of carriages and people of the season in Hyde Park, but the drives are decorated so numerous with busts of Roman and Italian worthies that the feeling of a botanical and sculpture museum is always present. The wall built by Aurelian, which is of great height and strength, bounds these public gardens, from which the finest possible views of the country as well as of the town are seen. Campagna clay-stained rustics, with clothes of every colour of the rainbow, male and female, in perfect ease, and in solidity rather than grace, mix easily here with the aristocratic

trained Italians. Anything nearer burlesque mixture, only that it is taken wholly seriously, cannot be imagined. The explanation may be found in the persistency of social types through all times and under every form of government. Southerners in the United States moved freely among their slaves, but the northerners would not sit in the same room with the nigger they were anxious to make free. Can it be that the Roman slave still exists in fact, without any practical claim of equality upon the upper classes? Only thus can some cause be found for his patient, poverty-stricken, lazy contentment, and at the same time his complete ease in the presence of the superior conditions of men and women. Nature is not to be turned out with a pitchfork, and these Romans in bulk are not far yet from 'bread and circuses' as a sufficient realisation of life. The best saving element is the glow of fighting enthusiasm to be seen now in the faces of the numerous, young, often much-feathered soldiery, who are more of country than of town origin."

"Florence is the beautiful and favourite city, and it would be no condemnation to be forced to live in it altogether. Its treasures of picture, sculpture, and building have been visited; the delightful task often varied with seeking views of the Arno and its

famous darling, especially from the Boboli Gardens near San Miniato. A wide basin with dark-coloured Apennines, when not snowy, at the outmost horizon, gayer varied hills of a greener hue within, and nestling on both sides of the rushing weighty Arno the variegated buildings of Florence—the panorama was exquisite, the warmth of the air in clouded sunshine giving the last charm to the wanderer's pleasure. Giotto's tower and the Duomo (huge as few churches are), with their white, black, and red marbles, giving what, on the whole, may be called a panelled impression infinitely sized, are very conspicuous figures among the greyish-tiled and heavy rock-like buildings. The old palace, seat of Florentine rule, is the object that contends for notice with them, the other churches being either of brick or largely unfinished, their fronts only in most cases slabbed with marble.

“Of the art treasures nothing effective can be said, but at least the *Venus de Medici* gave not the shadow of disappointment. She is a glorious creature, infinitely before the large *Venus of the Capitol* at Rome; though the latter is very beautiful previous to seeing her who ought to be, and is, the pet of pets in stone. Not even the *Venus de Melos* in the Louvre shakes this ideal of what is perfect womanly

beauty. There is an exquisite crouching Venus here (if the epithet is not too rough for the shining paragon), quite small compared with the heroic requirements; there is another, perhaps still finer, in a shut room at the Vatican; and in Paris there is a third of the sweetest charm—all tiny, but quite as dignified as if seven, or even ten feet of stature. It is with the dignity of sweet womanhood that they are so powerful. The *Dying Gladiator* in the Capitol disappointed. It was the theatrical rhetoric rather than poetry of Byron that gave the figure its everyday importance. For one thing, the back of the neck up to the top of the head is either unnatural or ultra-Gothic—neither characteristic tending to the mould of manly form. The features are harsh, and except the actual handicraft detail of the sculptor, and the tradition of Rome's amphitheatres to rouse a sensational pathos, there is nothing very striking connected with the figure. A Greek of the purest feeling would shun it as a devil or demon that could destroy his right appreciation of art. The *Dying Gladiator* (if he was this at all) must not go into the inmost gallery of a high soul.

“One thing is worth stating for the benefit of those who cannot visit the collections of original art. Such casts as are at the Crystal Palace, being good

copies of the best works, give valuable insight. Carlyle, sulky as he was about 1851 exhibitions and their consequents, confessed to the services of the glasshouse in this respect. The *Venus de Medici* in particular is admirable setting-up in plaster, to the flat bit on the tip of the chin, which some thought was not the doing of the sculptor. It is his, and if there be a point left at all in his statue about which to quarrel, it was that he gave even thus much of angularity or flatness to a creation whose every curve is poetry and motion.

“The Uffizi and the Palazzo Pitti galleries are worlds of art wonder, their wealth interminable. A covered way extends from the Uffizi on the north side of the river to the Pitti palace over a bridge with houses on it after the manner of old London Bridge. This corridor-gallery appears endless, and when at intervals views are seen up and down the Arno from window to window as the stream is being crossed, anything more unexpected and romantic could hardly be planned. The square, which is by no means large, where Savonarola was martyred in 1498, attracts the steps again at the shortest intervals, as if the past were just to reappear. Orcagna (though some say another) has with three wide arches constructed there a pecu-

liarly characteristic building—the former position of popular address to the Florentines of old. Though magnitude need not of itself be impressive, its opposite in the streets excites wonder as to how human fame arises. One cry often comes to the mental ear, ‘It is men and women of fine power that are the jewels to make cities great.’ Did Dante get the ‘beauty of his style’ from the charm of his Florence? The flower of the people came then in him, and all this art is only further flower and fruit. Whether Pelasgians, Assyrians, or other Asians, it is curious that these Florentine Etruscans should be such fine artists when their old art was so primitive and crude before the Romans grew great in Italy. A Teutonic element may be the key.

“On coming up the Tiber from Rome, there is first a green agricultural and moderately hilly country, not unlike the Lowlands of Scotland. Farther in the Etruscan district, clay heaps appear that have the shape of rock-ridges sharp as knives, the only variation being scanty patches of grass, on which gaunt black pigs with razor-backs are starved. The query rose where Rome’s national wealth came from, and the answer was found in the fact that the look was towards the ends of the earth for sustenance and luxury. Men in twos leisurely herding ten or twelve

goats or swine do not suggest much product where such grouping is the rule. The wine districts are of the poorest kind, and it is not till Lars Porsenna's country of Clusium, now Chiusi, is reached, midway between Florence and Rome, that anything deserving to be called comfort and fertility appears. The peasants are as poor and dirty as could be desired by the most aristocratic tory or patrician. This goes on to within a few miles of Florence, when the whole face of the country blossoms into double and triple crops of vine, and tree, and corn. On the banks of the Tiber there is some good land, but it is so clayey, of a white colour, and so wet for most of the year, that it must be literal purgatory in life to be born a Tiberian. His implements are of the most primitive kind. The tawny ox, who looks as if he had dragged himself out of the clay of which he is the natural god, is probably the only creature slow enough for the dull peasant and his sticky wet land. It is true that the sun in summer dries up everything, but the change is only to the worse condition of interminable white dust. At Naples, and most other places south of Florence, every tenth man and woman has an eye out or damaged, and this must be caused by dust and sun. Englishmen of the fields and workshops have some advantages over those

where the sky is beautiful and the air is easy. Lake Trasymene was passed, the broad sheet of water beside a level marshy plain where Hannibal defeated the Romans. Terontola, near Perugia and Assisi, has hills not unlike those of the Highlands or of the English Lake-country as to shape and colour. The way towns are built through Italy, upon the tops of its brown hills, is especially remarkable there."

London correspondent aids with memories and references about the "dear city of flowers. It will not seem so dead as Rome, nor so horrible as Naples. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's words are:—

Beautiful

The city lies along the ample vale,
Cathedral, tower and palace, piazza and street,
The river trailing like a silver cord
Through all, and curling loosely, both before
And after, over the whole stretch of land
Sown whitely up and down its opposite slopes
With farms and villas.

"The Giotto tower may not get admiration, but it has to be remembered that Ruskin did not like it at first. He said that its appeal to the eye was unpleasing—a mingling of over-severity and over-minuteness; but if it had the time which consummate art demands, the Campanile would cease to be

despised for smoothness and finish, and become the object of enthusiasm. Venice is melancholy and inert, altogether different from Florence. Somebody has said that it could not be imagined how any one can live in Florence during the winter, the winds from the hills sweep down so bitterly, or how any one can die there in summer. The strong life in that mediæval town, lying amid its beautiful scenery, appealed strongly to the head and heart. *Corinne* is being read by way of reviving a long-past visit to Florence, Venice, and other Italian cities. The bridge Ponte Vecchio, which joins the Uffizi to the Pitti, is well remembered; a Florentine mosaic still remaining as evidence of the existence of its bearing shops on its arches. The heath from the height of the Apennines is of a very dainty kind."

But to return from poetry of reminiscence to the more prosaic impressions of the present, even though at Venice:—"The Piazza di San Marco is to the cultivated European something of what Mecca is to the Mohammedan. To say the least, it is an extraordinary 'place,' though this is saying nothing. It could be almost covered with a hat, if of the shovel pattern. Imagination is so deceptive, by making things of fame large, that the glory of the jewel is apt to be at first not valued. The Bridge of Sighs,

though of marble, is quite a diminutive thing. One sigh could take a condemned person over the sea-ditch it arches. Here again there must be quarrel with Byron for spoiling things by magniloquence and falsity. It would seem, in face of the facts, that he was playing banjo on the shallow or ignorant English reader. Later admirers of Venice ground their praise on other than rhetorical foundations. For loudness of description there was no justification, the charm of this queen of the sea being of a quiet, strange, but on the whole very natural kind. Even the gondolas of sham romance are no wonder or miracle, except now perhaps for their unfortunate hearse-like decoration of black paint and cloth. It is quaint exceedingly to be rowed along narrow streets which are canals, among all kinds of crafts, to the cries of the gondolier as he warns all comers when turning his corners. Going up and down the Grand Canal is especially delightful. But somehow it is all so familiar to the mind that nothing at all of the sensational has been got out of it. This quality has no kingdom in art, and therefore to the nature and history of the far Italian town it must be clung for the right satisfaction. The most unexpected feeling was when, leaving the mainland, a rush was made for Venice, as if straight into the sea several

miles. All land-firm ideas fled astonished, and there was nothing but to assume that the new development was founded on rational principles, though the element of playfulness of sea and land kept continually impressing the disconcerted but amused brain. What has to be said of the Church of San Marco? The rhyme of Dr. Fell still suggests itself, but patience may create sympathy for its beauties. It is not easy to digest the gold mosaic of the five domes, and indeed the whole of the roof inside. The marbles are Judaic or even more Eastern. There is little to suggest the Roman Catholic symbolism, and this, at least on one side, is a recommendation. On the other hand, it suggests affinity with the hatred to liberty of the Mohammedan religion, which is a meaner and poorer worship than the Christian, though absolutely the same of racial origin and in essential dogma. The most appropriate thing to be seen in Venice is the rope decoration of buildings, the Doge's Palace having its sea-corners carved after this manner. It at least told the tale of the city with a sailor-like thoroughness. This palace is unassailable as an appropriate and tasteful range of building, and the square of St. Mark's is correctly beautiful to a degree. But of architecture more hereafter, when time has made the eyes friendly with what great efforts there

may be. Any one who expects the preternaturally large either in Florence (the Duomo and Giotto's tower excepted) or in Venice will be disappointed. It is the charm of finish and jewellery that is here in particular. Now that this is the realisation, right appreciation may follow, and if size occur, it may also have its mede. The old buildings of Italy are strangely fresh to the eyes. If they were not known to be of many centuries' standing, they might, most of them, be judged as of less than one.

"The Apennines were passed at a great height, and the sprig of white heath was picked up at the culmination, before descending on Bologna, with its leaning towers, and on the flat, rich, alluvial land reaching to the Adriatic. It was odd or mysterious to think that Ariosto and Tasso could have affected residence on that dead level for many years. Ferrara—the double 'r' pronounced like the 'll' in Sordello, as to the tongue trip—is the centre of this plain of the Po. Livy, the Roman historian, was born in the same dull land; but he had the blue Euganean hills for background to his early education. These are more proofs that genius is above places and all other forms of educative surroundings."

The correspondent has close criticism of some impressionism:—"The rope decoration at Venice

puzzles. Was it in stone, and if so, can it be true art to pretend to one material in another? Hemp in stone—is not this false?”

“The old writers used to say of Englishmen who travelled to Italy, that they returned, in the equivalent to the swallow-tail of that period, quite as black as Mephistopheles. It is possible that now the innocence is here and the romantic vices farther west. People live on slow and natural principles compared with the too intelligent French and the too busy English. It would hardly be fatal to a man’s business character if he took a Wednesday for a Thursday. Such an incident might mean the deluge or Niagara in London city. Why Ruskin loves the quiet of water streets and hates the noise of the rattling cab and screaming railway is now clear. To-day there has been voyaging up and down the Grand Canal twice, and walking through cross-streets and over bridges till feet are hot and tired. A play had thereafter to be seen in the Goldoni Theatre, which has five rows of boxes straight up from floor to ceiling, thirty-five in a row. The pit completes the house. The decoration is quite Venetian in its simplicity and uniformity, the boxes being as much all as windows usually are in buildings.

“The beauties are of the dark type celebrated by

Byron, of whose poetic doings there may have been too much depreciatory said through the force of new realisation. There is no need to be jealous of him for his taste in womanly perfection, for such an ideal is far from being found real among the dark maids of Venezia. They are of the sea, and no doubt attract the bold mind of the tar, from the officer of the man-of-war to the gay yachtsman and cheery sailor; but to the artistic they are down at heel in fact and fancy. It may be granted that there can be seeing with jaundiced eyes when the first of the thirty-nine articles of life's creed (or even the whole thirty-nine) has it fixed that English product, to speak according to the language of political economy, is the best in this kind all over the times and places. England has her monsters, as exemplified by the remarks of two elderly Britishers of the sex, who were distinctly heard severe on the palaces of the Grand Canal as requiring doing up afresh. But in such wide, and ultimately extremely narrow, search for the highest as the love of beauty inspires, the crowds are out of court. It is one of the permanent impressions in getting pulled through all these scenes of artistic effort that the glory of woman is the last and noblest subject of the artist's thought. Whether it is Tintoretto depicting the

glory of heaven as in the Doge's Palace, or Titian portraiting a beauty with the hair neither red nor brown but something between, or perfectly fair, the charms of woman's nature, face, and figure are for them their highest delight. It would be still more so did the vulgar not make such appreciation turn into positive danger from their crudeness. The artist must, therefore, put restraint upon himself. That in Venice an habitual condition of popular culture is fitted for some of the picture and statuary to be seen outside and inside could easily be shown. There is safety in that what we are used to from youth becomes indifferent, but here there has been the danger of enthusiastic and simple natures forgetting the fine restraint which is the crown for humanity. Art of the best kind can become an aid to barbarism when a people are left rudely untrained.

"The political side of things of old here is very suggestive. On going down into the dungeons of the Doge's Palace, and seeing cell after cell, each without a spark of light, and having in the door for food a round hole that would not let in a modern plate, the necessity put upon rulers for severity is sufficiently realised, whether they may be of mild or savage temper. Some of the cells are lined with stout wood everywhere to keep out the damp of the

Adriatic waters of the lagoons, but political prisoners had to be content with bare walls on the same wet sea-level. Sanguinary people get the sensation they like in being shown at the end of the cells, in a narrow corridor where the axe could barely be wielded with effect, the place of private executions, with three holes of a few inches diameter each through the stone floor to carry off the blood of the condemned. It is added by the guide that the bodies were thrown into the water from this tragic spot. The truth is that probably the whole transaction there was nothing really different from what political justice inflicts now in modern countries where the crime is a capital offence. People like chills of horror, and do not care to examine the facts. It is particularly strange that Byron's Bridge of Sighs has nothing to do with these cells, which are certainly the tragic prisons of Venice in the greater degree. The modern prisons have no extraordinary tales connected with them. The bridge so much made of crosses a canal from the palace, beneath which the real dungeons are, to the later state buildings used for criminals. In the historical times of Venice prisoners passed no bridge, but were taken below the courts which sentenced them.

“ It would not be just to forget a tribute paid to the

Italian character by a much-travelled Englishman met at Florence. With Egypt and the East, as well as all parts of Europe, he was familiar, but it was about Italy he was most enthusiastic. He protested that during the fifteen years since he had been continually moving through Italia, he never lost an article in a hotel, and never locked his doors. This is praise of national honour. Italians beg, but cannot steal. For health it is probable all things must be taken with a grain of salt, and the traveller may have enjoyed his immunity from personal charm and facility in languages. A more instructive travelling companion it is rare to meet with, and he was appreciated, though the tacit understanding was to remain unknown."

"For the artist in words, colour, sound, or other medium, there is need of outlook for some addition to what Shakespeare called homely wit, the result of keeping to native spheres; but there is great sympathy with souls like Kant, who could endeavour to solve the world's problem without any change from his local *habitat*. There is degradation at once felt when chance throws among guide-book, determined sight-seers. For some occult reason, Germans of this class irritate most, even though there is the strongest appreciation of the Teuton character. If they wear

their brains to powder, they can really get nothing out of the works of such men as Tintoretto, Titian, Raphael, and the rest. Seeing they see, but it is impossible for them to perceive anything of the deepest value of the work. Guide-books are a delusion, and serve their purpose best by being so. What do they say of the sadness of walking through one of humanity's lost heavens? Picture after picture of those men, during their period inspired, have only the one tale to tell, namely, that what glory Christianity had is over for ever. Such childlike delight in its mythical form, in its crudest tales, will never more be with us. Assuredly these wanderings have been walking among the broken angels, who cannot ever more speak a mythically true word for human souls. They are now but reflex wonders of the entirely secular and dead kind, out of which Protestantism has long since taken the life. The assumption of the Virgin, the worship of the Madonna and Child, the glorification of saints after Fra Angelico's pious golden manner, the visioning of heaven, such as Tintoretto gave, and even the picturing by Michael Angelo of the last judgment, are all archaic and over. It is only the ignorant who are satisfied with European art generally, for the mere pleasure to the eye of clever or quaint colour and form. Had there

been no religious atmosphere, if not in the artists, at least in the people, these Italian walls would have been quite undecorated. Some of the makers knew the deepest of all religions, and might therefore be in danger of being thought by the crowd irreligious ; but they had the popular stimulus of general piety to compel their work into light. A luxurious sorrow follows every step in gazing over these acres of colour. In the byways of town and country are found little sordid shrines, and these tell better the meaning of a Raphael and Michael Angelo than a Florence or Venice gallery with all their dead wealth, or than a St. Peter's Church at Rome in all its grandeur and finish.

“There was an exploration across the Grand Canal to a large church, Santa Maria della Salute, and thence through numberless alleys and over bridges past counting, till near sight was got of a third island of these shallow lagoons, where the water goes in and out with the gentlest tides. The sun was shining, and the right impression was felt of the city of the sea, its palaces looking towards the ideality which poetry loves to reach, with varied colours of white, blue, and red, and with changeful shades, from columnar and especially window decoration. After return from Sta. Chiara the full length

of the Grand Canal, it was out and away to the public gardens, from which half-a-dozen other islands are to be seen with buildings dipping down into the tide, their shadows in the depths. The dream of Venice is realisable. But its people touch the heart, they are so poor, so kind, so noisy, so greedy or needy; and they truly have what Shakespeare called the ancient and fish-like flavour. There are such signs of acting up to the dream as that now and again gondolas have their rowers dressed with high colours—red sash, ribboned hat, and uniformed or parti-coloured garments; but the fact that palaces of marble have rags and poverty flaunting out of their windows gives something like nightmare in open day rather than the desirable romantic vision. Southern love of colour is chiefly represented now by the Scotch woollen shawl of the tartan order—the garment which is the nadir of civilisation. After use and wont, the universal shoes of the women clapping loudly on the pavement for want of heels might be accepted into tolerance as if of national peculiarity. They are, however, in too much keeping with other marks of popular suffering and low condition of living. It would be profitable to know what Ruskin thinks of daily as against historical and artistic Venice. Like most of the Italians, these

are interesting people, for whom too much could not be done if fate allowed. Men must live to their place and period if hard or easy, and women too in a more trying sense, beauty being so much more their need than it is that of the stronger sex. Perhaps these rough sailors and fishermen (like another species in their brownness and barefoot energy) may find some joy in their careless life; but it is not easy to feel that woman has happiness in her rags and accompaniments of unwashed or ill-washed face and rough hands. If this is considering too narrowly, there is some truth even in sentimentality and much in sentiment. The usual traveller cares for nothing outside of hotel and show scenes—weak substitutes for real experience. It is necessary to know, among other things, what the people ‘feast’ on in their cafés or trattorias. The bread cannot be eaten at all by westerns, their teeth in self-defence refusing the task of breaking it; and the wine may be healthy, but it is thin and bitter beyond the imagination of the inexperienced. If this is the pleasure of their food and drink, what about the wives and children at home? There must be enough of suffering among the Venetians though fish come to their doors.”

“Luxuriating through the mosaics of St. Mark’s

Church, the private praise is given to those of the twelfth century. These are so naive, and made their appeal to such *bona fide* simple *religieux* and *religieuses* (if this polyglot does not shock), that it is impossible not to be pleased with them. Like the Bible itself, which they illustrate, they are by no means in refined taste; the crudest and the rudest and the nudest things being treated in a way impossible to moderns, or at least western moderns. But they are so sincere, and in their simplicity of faithfulness so beautiful, that they are a relief. Suspicion enters into all the efforts of later art, particularly when it deals with the human figure. The vestibule is the gem of the extraordinary jewel rather than building that the church is. Every inch marbles of all colours and widespread gold dim with age and the care of devotion which dreads touch, the place is a study not for days but years. The floor is marbled mosaic of every imaginable form of dicing, and quite perfect yet, except for the curious fact that the whole level has become billowy as the neighbouring Venetian sea from sheer process of time, unless mild earthquake may have helped. There is a theory that the marine idea was so strong in Venice that the architect had originally to imitate thus the waves.

“Seated with back to the Campanile, the new moon shone dominating the square, and the first vision of Venezia by moonlight was realised. Next morning the keeper, from the breeziest of summits, pointed out all the islands round Venice—Juidecca, Lido, Torcello, and many another. Livy’s Euganean Hills and Padua of famous university could be seen easily right over the viaduct-in-sea which joins the mainland of Italy to this charming town. The Venetian Alps with snowy tops were to the west, beyond Torcello the Carnic, and round the horizon Trieste with Austria of the Adriatic barely, if at all, within view. Farther to the south was the winding passage, through islands and black posts, for ships to the harbour. The panorama is without comparison for beauty and suggestion. It is not by steps the Campanile is ascended, but by inclined planes within its square, four making a turn of the tower, whose windows are arranged at various heights, to suit the continually rising sloping platforms. Photographs are the only really buyable things, except expensive Venetian glass services. Jewels have had gold for setting, and are therefore kinds of toys. Bazaar stuff through Italy is gaudy, cheap, and worthless, if some exception be made for mosaics and corals. Italian streets remind of the glitter and rawness of country-

market sales, and this grows worse to the south and east, till India is reached. There may be injustice to the northern peoples after the Italians, though these have long stages before they again reach popular stature of the dignified kind. There are curious ease and kindliness among them, but qualities of the sterner stuff may make amends after Venice and Italy have had farewell."

At Vienna, Golden Lamb Hotel, this :—"No notes of travel for some time, because there is little possibility of writing intelligible hand on *strada ferrata* or *Eisenbahn*. Those with eyes for the picturesque in form and colour would have feasted richly as, towards and after sunset, near the borders of Italy, the attempt seemed to be made of ploughing into the face of the great Alpine range to get to Austria. The mountains first looked purple, and then they changed almost preternaturally into a kind of light blue, which felt even brighter than sky, the sun all the while at the north of them throwing ruddy glow, tinted with greens and yellows beyond all words to describe. A painter would only have needed to copy to get all the gains of exquisite originality. Through defile after defile in the moonlight, mountains standing all but sheer up to right and left, the track ran, now beside a river, and now through perching and

fortified little towns, which showed the tragic jealousy of nations, till at last the Austrian's country was entered. Coming down the Semring Pass of the Styrian Alps, the natural scenery effects were still finer. At Vienna it took three hundred steps on the bridge to cross the blue or rather the light green Danube, a river equal to its reputation.

The Danube at Vienna flows with grace,
In sunshine glistening like a green broad floor ;
Its vagaries confined to one great race,
That might the mills of Europe serve and more.

The Moslem conqueror once vaunted here,
But Poland, then not dead, his legions met ;
And roar of Wagram battle fills the ear,
Napoleonic insult maddening yet.

A range of moderate hills, the rest wide plain,
For city sitting mistress of this land ;
And near her skirts Beethoven's grave is fane
That of itself binds world hearts with one band."

"At Dresden, the Weber is an ideal hotel. There is a large photograph portrait of the charming musician at the end of this beautiful bedroom, and it has all the sweetness and refinement of the tone-poet's face. He was native to Dresden, and there is a fine statue of him near the Court Theatre. Goethe and Schiller in stone effigy guard the entrance of that handsome building. The noble Elbe is in its

immediate neighbourhood, which can be watched with delight for hours as it flows swiftly and weightily under its bridge of ten or eleven wide arches joining the Altstadt to the Neustadt—the old town to the new town. There is return here to practical civilisation or humanism, however much was the attractiveness of Italy and Italian manners. An almost stern earnestness, founded on the best intentions, strikes strongly after the southern brightness and undoubted thoughtlessness as to ordinary affairs. To the Italian the manipulation of another franc from the bargainer is one of the most skilfully amusing games. He will, if other resources fail, beg for it, but politically and not whiningly. It is all different in solid Germany. In Austria the difference of popular temper became noticeable. Here it is marked. Whether for good or ill, conscience and regularity are more at work towards the north. Not that the people are less extortioners. In Vienna, greed is more pronounced than in any part of Italy; but it is regulated instead of unregulated plundering. The vices of a capital of a singular kind are in the fine Austrian city, which, if a little too much a plaster town, is still decidedly attractive. Its Danube would consecrate it to the memory if it had multitudes of sins. The charms of Italy from

this distance are now taking their right colour by comparisons. Dresden is a beautiful city in a wide valley, which is quite flat for miles on both sides of the sweeping Elbe; but to call it the German Florence, as some do, is an injustice to it altogether. As the Elbe is followed downwards past Shangau, the scenery is finer than on the Arno coming down similarly towards Florence; but when the Italian city is neared the charm of surroundings intensifies, whereas the approach to Dresden grows always flatter and duller. But apart from resemblances, the Saxon city is one of the choice places of the earth. The birthday of the King of Saxony is being celebrated with as much flag-showing and other devices as his majesty King William and Prince Bismarck are able to wink at. This is the centre of an army corps of 10,000 men, and the imperial dignity ordered a show of regimentals in the principal *Platz*. It was a day of military evolution, and Germans as soldiers perhaps look their best, being particularly tall, and when in grouping handsome. Individually there is an indescribable angularity or hugeness of feature or form about them. Faces are usually short and broad with the high cheek-bone, but there is much divergence from this type. The women are peculiar in this, that some of them are the most

beautiful creatures, while the great majority are little short of hideous. There is a strange severity noticeable in some women's faces which is altogether new. The beauties are too tall—quite giantesses sometimes; though they have often small heads and delicately-shaped faces with perfect complexion. There can be no doubt about preferring the fair to the dark type of the respective countries of Germany and Italy; but it must be added, as to men, that the darker southerners have the advantage in attractiveness over the almost white-haired Saxons. The thought came of shunning Weimar and Eisenach, the shrines of Germany's two greatest. But no; and though with full respect for their quality, not a jot of worship shall they have. The idolatries are to be hated whatsoever form they take. It is to see the sky and earth which strong souls have seen that is the practical purpose, and from comparison courage may be gained for present and future effort. In loss of heroisms, if closer thereby to fact, there is the greatest of gains. The well of admiration in the soul is not dry when the need arises. Secrets are open to more than Luther, Goethe, Raphael, or others of the past masters. Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto*, exquisite as it is, must not browbeat. One of the world's trophies, nobly do these Saxons appreciate

it, reserving one room in their gallery for its own unadulterated glory."

"At Weimar gods again walked on the earth—
 Careless of fashion, knowing Truth's free sphere ;
 A Goethe-Schiller, paired for Time's long dearth,
 Stand figured simple in the Plat up here.

To eyes which cannot see, they loom too large
 For small surroundings, even of the Duke ;
 But sky above and earth beneath had charge
 Of heroes true who could not mewl and puke.

Wieland and Cranach, poet, painter, raise
 The favoured spot to one of Heaven's shrines :
 In flat dull country this fane flows to praise—
 A gate that leads to Life's lost golden mines.

"Have not musical illustrations just been heard of Goethe's *Faust* and Wagner's *Parsival* in the great poet's own theatre, of which he used to be director and everything besides? An easy fate might be to get lost here, even from London, for ten years, and be like Ulysses in Calypso's island. All is of the tiniest order, but very charming. Not 20,000 Thuringian inhabitants; easy life movements; plentiful trees, though the country near is bare; a flowing stream, manipulated into pretty waterfalls; naiads sculptured in damp caves; walks through groves interminable, on the smallest labyrinthine scale; quaint people, the women basket on back for most part; such won-

derful reminders as a Werther's restaurant—it were easy to lose memory of the world's events in Weimar. If the place is little, it is warm with reminiscences for the soul. How true that it is one or two men or women who at intervals are the chosen to give real life to the common ways of man."

"The Wartburg, Eisenach—a greeting from the top of the historical hill of Protestant and Puritan fame. For a trying time Luther had to be satisfied with what joy he could extract from viewing the sea of wooded eminences beneath this eyry. If scenery were a solace to him, he was not ill off for it. A more beautiful prospect in every direction there could not be. Climbing long up the purgatorial path to this height, the thought kept present that the great Reformer had a foretaste of heaven in the lofty Wartburg. The hill is formed of red conglomerate soft rock, well covered with grass, flowers, and trees of a thousand shades of green, from that of dark yew to the gayest of colours. This is the Mecca of Protestantism."

"Grand Hotel, Berlin.—The quaintest of old towns is Eisenach, with its steep roofs and very Doric people. Bach was a native of it, as his statue reminds; and thus in art and religious history, Eisenach, with its 18,000 people, claims distinction. The

state-rooms of the Wartburg were gone over, one of which is really elegant, in the Venetian style. Then Luther's quarters were visited. His table, bed, and a piece of whale's backbone, of more than a cubic foot, used perhaps for a footstool, attracted sympathy. It was the strangest yet simplest scene for a prophet in prison, or chamber on the wall, during time of anxiety and vision. The portraits of his father and mother, by Lucas Cranach, the greatest German painter, and also native to the district, interested much, showing at once the possibilities and limits of peasant nature, with those fires of genius smouldering which were only to be awakened in their son. There are a largeness and peaky twistedness in the nose of the father, that gives the impression of him having the cantankerous stubbornness of an unopened but essentially original mind. The Reformer's stamina seems to have come from his mother, who appears physically strong and restful, with the air of a naturally wise and strongly earnest woman. Out of strength strength proceedeth, and the olive will produce only olive of its own kind. Dr. Fritz Reuter's villa is, *mirabile dictu*, the local rival building to the Wartburg for the traveller. The novelist of Low German shares the Eisenach honours with Martin Luther. The triangular *Platz* of the town had more

attraction than the dilettante decorations by this slight notoriety. Its houses have windows flat with the outside, high roofs of red tiles, two or three rows of skylights, and two or three ranges of side windows. Luther's house, or rather his lodging for some years in the town, is a four-storeyed pyramidal-roofed building, with five or six windows in a row. The roof has gone to one side, as if knocked into a cocked hat; and the rooms being made for just standing in, the place is small and wretched. But the house has great interest, and among other things for its shaggy and literally wooden beauties of fact and memory. Between Eisenach and Berlin there is only the one tale of absolute flatness of country. The capital is very Germanic in being at once earnest, poor, and showy. It has first-class interest in art, and more than second-class realisation. The galleries are well stocked, and with valuable examples of some of the best artists. The public and military spirit everywhere is striking. Unter den Linden, the street where the university and the palaces are, has many points, though the approach to it by a statue-decorated bridge reminds too much of a spick-and-span Fort Angelo Roman arrangement. Towards the public park a similarity to London is suggested. The Spree, with its rafts, is a small kind of Elbe, but in a dead-flat sandy country."

“There is practically not much difference between Hamburg and most British cities. Its wooden houses, with the storeys each farther out as they rise roofwards, have examples in Edinburgh, Chester, and other towns. Whole streets are like Old London of the Exhibitions. But the charm of Germany’s seaport is two sea-lakes enclosed quite poetically within ranges of handsome hotels, houses, and shops. Boats and small steamers flit about in the manner of Venice. The number of canals and bridges further aids Venetian comparison. Dotted with reflection of thousands of street lights, these sheets of water invite to an over-estimate of the town of Charlemagne’s foundation. Trees are everywhere, though the place is built on the flat of the sea. The whole distance from Berlin is a sandy bottom, as if it once were a Sahara. Though frequently marshy, Saxon energy has made the region productive and pleasant. The type of manhood and womanhood here has a distinctly Scandinavian invasion to the better. Noses have appeared again, and it is to be understood both how Thorvaldsen caught sculpturesque ideality, and how from Scandinavia there arose a patrician stock. The skin and features are often extraordinarily fine, as if destined to surpass Greek ideals. This type of northern classical beauty

is one of the strangest revelations, and inspires with the hope that Europe has not yet idealised her best examples of man and woman, and that there will be other and greater advances on the path of humanities, humanism, and the highest civilisation."

In his prayer on the Acropolis to the Virgin of Athens, Renan says, "The only way of salvation for the world is by returning to thy allegiance, by repudiating its barbarian ties." But in this aspiration he misunderstands the meaning of the humanities. There must not be return to any Egypt of art. If all Europe has been a waste since Greece and Rome were paralysed by Christianity, the hope is not therefore backward, but forward. Like his cousin the Moslem, the Jew destroys every kind of noble art. The Saracenic hatred of anything but fantastic form in decoration is the same as the Hebrew and Protestant detestation of image and picture. Only survival by the persistency of noble human nature has allowed the merest scraps of art to show themselves in the Western countries since a lower civilisation crushed a higher in the time of the Emperor Constantine. It was on the sufferance which ignorance sometimes allows that what is called Christian art, a contradiction in terms, ever existed. The sculptors, and painters, and poets who tried to

insinuate artistic joy into the mad thing for its sanity, by the nature of the case had to become slaves, or, at best, servile illustrators. Every gallery of Europe testifies that only bastardism of production has been possible as against the Hebrew dogmas. A giant like Michael Angelo could not quite break the cords of Syrian barbarism and devil-possession which entangled his soul as if a new Laocoon; and what of the weaker warriors in the hopeless fight against Eastern hordes which innoculated to their side numberless barbarians wherever met? The natural European vigour was rising into legitimate art when Luther, with the right Teutonic impulse but fatal ignorance of civilisation, protested and cut short the hope of the final conquest of Hebraism by truly human art. Art had been false because slavish, but why did the Reformer take the wrong side, and go back on Paulineism, which, by its tyranny and hatred of refinement, was the cause of all the inhumanities of Roman Catholicism? To visit the galleries and show-places of Christianity is to go through a Sahara of death. If a blade of living grass did show in it, this was only carried by the random winds from Rome or Greece, and it was speedily overpowered by the drifting sands of Hebrew dog-

matic arrogance. Europe is practically a *tabula rasa* or clean sheet so far as art is concerned, and the most human of hopes is that now the legitimate work is to begin, the tyranny of Christianity having abated. But there must not be looking to Greece for living inspiration or even solace. It is in the growth of new nations to fresh mythologies that the hope of art lies. Had Christianity not asphyxiated the Scandinavian mythology, Northern Europe ere now would have blossomed into an art nobler than that of Greece. The misfortune of world experience is that lower things can destroy the higher. But the earth cannot again be conquered by dervishes, and a mythology built on the reasonableness of life will open up for mankind the furthest riches of imagination and the sweetest realisations of existence. It is with the language and history of England that the present possibilities of humanism rest, as once they did with those of Greece and Rome. Let there be no Renanic worship at cold shrines of the past, and much less a fashionable cult at bastard collections of the present. It must be known that the nation who completes its own individuality by mythology and art special to itself stands, like the poet who by culture perfects his being in the Goethean manner, an equal

among the equals whose gifts to the world form the musical gamut of the entire humanities. Religions have their place, but art is their king, if civilisation is the object of life and humanism its triumph.

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